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Girljock

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Daniel Bao

Editmeister
Jennie Van Heuit

Supreme Adviser
Susie McCormick

Our Girljock Rep in New York City
Joan Hilty

Our Girljock Rep in Boston
Maria Vetrano

Photographic Divinity
Phyllis Christopher

Official Girlsloth
Laura Miller

Design
Nigel French, Small World Productions

Department of Advertising
Girljock Advertising department's live phone number is (415) 282-6833.
Rivindell Marketing, New Jersey 908-754-4348.

High Falls Advertising Correspondant
Susan Fox Rogers, (914) 687-4102

Cover photo by Phyllis Christopher, features Stephanie Rosenbaum, our Steph-the-Ref, on the verge of a pushup or other horizontal activity, armed with her whistle and ready to blow it. Stephanie's outfit was designed by herself. Whistle and chain, from the whistle and chain collection of Editrix Roxxie; and soccer ball, from the personal soccer ball collection of Kathleen Bonnet, soccer enthusiast. Location: San Francisco's Golden Gate Park Polo Fields.
Cover inset photo courtesy of the Beantown Rugby Football Club archives.
Inside front cover photo is by Phyllis Christopher, featuring Steph-the-Ref and Gina Fields, with a soccer ball coming between them.

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Contents

5
Dear Girljock Magazine and other items, live from our mailbox

6
Girljock's Shorts

8
Excuse me, were you born in a barn?

9
Jumbo by Susan Fox Rogers

10
Reviews: we tackle the media

11
Girljock Short News

12
Wild Girls in Action: Frameline's Upcoming San Francisco Lesbian and Gay Film Festival

14
Girljock's Answerwoman steps up to bat around all our problems in **Dear Femme Jock,** starring Femme Jock Amy Jane Cheney.

17
Hand-built bikes: the kind choosy Girljocks choose
by Sharon Urquhart

21
In Search of the Rugby Goddess, by Boston's Girljock Correspondant Maria Vetrano. Vetrano joins in for all-Beantown Rugby Team action

26
Revelations of a Reluctant Rugby Wife;
cartoon by Leanne Franson.

30
Women Break Into Baseball: All-female Silver Bullet Tryout Action by Roxxie

32
On Girls and Picking Them Up: Cruising Tips from New York City's Own Clit Club, compiled by Julie Tolentino and the Clit Club Crew

34
Running Interference: Or, how one director co-ordinated her way through the Key West Women's Flag Football Tournament
by Diane Beruldsen

36
Ultimate Thrills: Girljock reporter Alison Gallant explores the world of ultimate frisbee

Will she throw a red flag on your play?

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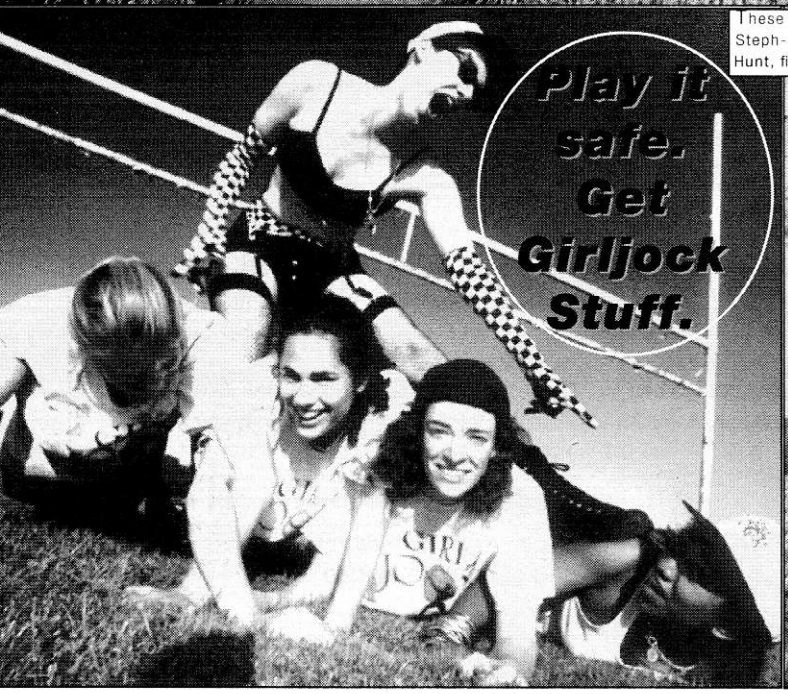
These photos are by Phyllis Christopher, and feature writer Stephanie Rosenbaum, AKA Steph-the-Ref, waving a red flag on the play, and (l to r) Ultimate frisbee player Brenda Hunt, filmmaker Karen Everett, actress Gina Fields, and writer/filmmaker Alison Gallant.



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Letters

Dear GirlJock:

Hetero city girl—please save me! Enclosed is my check for a 1 year prescription for GirlJock.... Make me the Amazon I've always wanted to be. Enclosed are some neat stickers too.
I love You, Nina

Chief Divinity & Editrix
Roxxie the Sleepless,

I discovered GirlJock a few months ago with the "I can't take my eyes off you issue #10" and I was hooked within the first few pages. Personal faves were the "Excuse me, were you born in a barn?" column and the "Southern-California-Health-Spa-Japanese-Garden-Slimming-Experience" feature by Amy Wallace. I'm both a girljock swimmer and magazine hag, and so was totally pleased to find such a funny, right-on magazine that could target an audience, including myself, so well.

In my enthusiasm to spread the good news, I plugged GJ in the Team New York Aquatics newsletter. We are the gay and lesbian swim team that is helping host and run the aquatics events at the Gay Games.

When I went to look for my second issue at A Different Light Bookstore in downtown NY, I met this girl who works there named Heather who says she is a friend of yours. We wound up talking about Liz Phair, as she was playing her music in the store, and I had recently interviewed Liz for *OUT* magazine. Eventually we got back to the beloved GirlJock, I purchased my copy, and she encouraged me to let you know that Team New York was on to you. She also says hi.

I hope things are going well for you,
Keep up the good work,
And get some sleep!
Your Girljock always, Kristin Kramer

Dear GirlJock,

I've just been shown the #10 issue of GirlJock—a mag I never even knew existed. I was being shown the snippit you had in there on the Revving Bettys Car Club of Vancouver, B.C. As the editor of the club newsletter, I was thrilled to see some P.R.

Allow me to correct a few details. The newsletter is no longer called *The Rear View Mirror*. (The name conflicted with a local auto store.) The newsletter is now called The Revving Times. I enclose a recent issue for your enjoyment. Also, subscriptions, at this point, are not in fact $8 but 5 bucks (cash only) for our U.S. friends. Yes, yes, we do this for love not for money. Two dollars for a sample issue will do nicely.

We'd like your readers to know that most Revving Bettys are tomboy/girljock types. For example , one club member changes her own oil—regularly—and when she crawls under that old classic of hers, with the great legs sticking out and grease on her pants, it's all I can do to keep my hands to myself. So the next best thing to a girl jock just may be a girl car buff.
Yours Revvingly,
Hazel Volks, Editor
The Revving Times

Dear Jockvixens,

Got my very first issue of Girljock two days ago. I was charmed and invigorated! Seeing photos and articles about babes-a-climbing and some without clothes even! Admirable Amazonian athletes playing pro volleyball, all strong and gorgeous on the sand. That bemused blonde woman's super-cool looking soccer outfit on page 6. The variety of ads (especially the cameo by HotHead Paisan) and everything in between forced me to subscribe! In case you're interested, I am a bisexual female who is shamelessly addicted to coffee and Mystery Science Theatre 3000. I'm an off and on athlete who is up to 5 straight leg push-ups. (BFD huh.) So here are a few things I'd like to see in Girljock...

Some gorgious buffed babes Rollerblading, Caving or even Ballet. Love your magazine and hope it lasts!
Melanie
Tucson, Arizona

Dear Girljock,

You are about the only periodical that makes me feel any better about the world! I am a couch potato eagerly anticipating ESPN's coverage of the womens basketball regionals today. (Even though my WU Huskies got knocked out of the big dance by Purdue!)
Keep it up.
Carol
Seattle, Washington

Errattaa

Apologies to Donna Minkowitz, author of our excellent article last issue titled "A Different Perspective on the Gay Games." The article, which we attributed to the Village Voice's column Jockbeat, should have carried her byline. The article, an excellent commentary on the "affluent-o-centric" marketing tactics practised by the New York Gay Games Marketing Department, discussed how the NY Gay Games was selling itself to corporate America in Advertising Age advertisements with statements like "Gay Games IV. The way to reach the affluent gay market." Minkowitz's point "See, we had some idea that the Gay Games were meant to promote gay liberation," certainly is a point we girljocks wholeheartedly agree with. Whatever happened to the one-time activist anthem "We're here, we're queer, and we're not going shopping?" (Roxxie)

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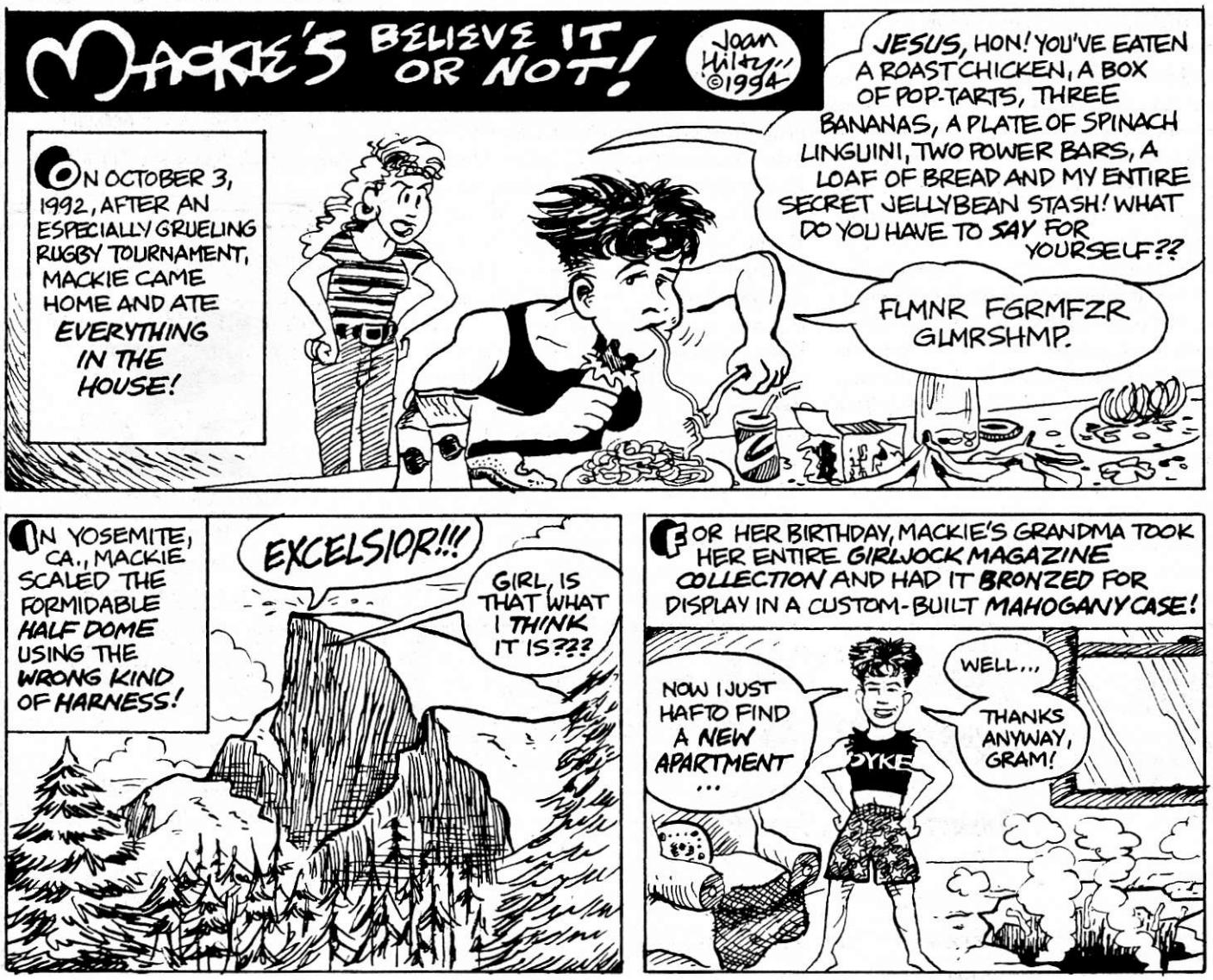
Girljock Shorts

Terra Tees Check out these fully biodegradable golf tees, the ultimate in politically correct golf: "Terra Tees are made primarily of starch from corn or potatoes, plus other, proven biodegradable additives. These tees will decompose completely in water or soil leaving no synthetic or toxic residues. They may not help your game today, but Terra Tees just might help the environment tomorrow." What a great idea! Packaged by handicapped Americans, and printed on recycled paperboard, too. They look, feel and taste (yes, I tasted one) just like ordinary golf tees. (mirau)

In The Game Producer Becky Smith takes a look behind the scenes at the 1990 Stanford University women's basketball team, its coach, and the season they set out to win a national championship. This film aired on PBS in March; keep an eye out at your local video store, or contact Frontline, WGBH TV, 125 Western Ave., Boston, MA 02134.

P.M.S. Hunting Club For those days before your period when you just gotta kill something. Humorous newsletter designed to combat the negativity, embarrassment and social stigma surrounding women's health issues. $19.95 gets you a membership certificate, hunting license and bumper sticker, too. P.M.S. Hunting Club, PO Box 1267, Dept. BW, North Hampton, NH 03862. Also available is "101 Reasons to Become A Lesbian" for $5.95, proceeds benefiting Camp Sister Spirit.

Boy Scout Weenie Roast Check out the back of the Girl Scout mint cookie boxes if you get a chance. Those happy, active adolescent girls are in a very unladylike manner openly gloating about beating some boys racing down the hill mountain biking.

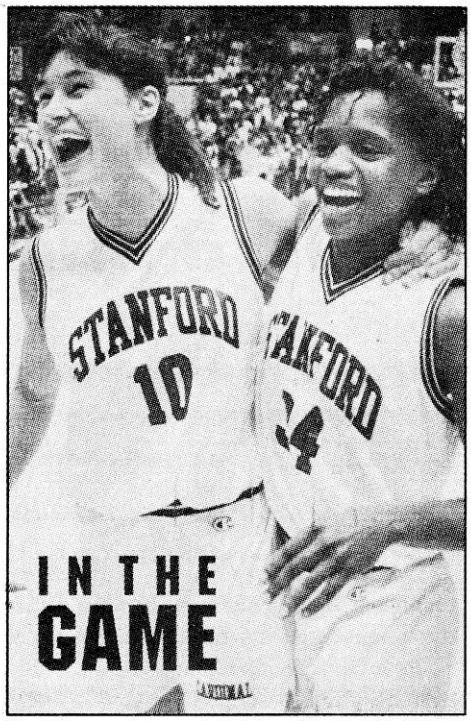

MACKIE'S BELIEVE IT OR NOT!
JOAN HILTY '94 ©1994
ON OCTOBER 3, 1992, AFTER AN ESPECIALLY GRUELING RUGBY TOURNAMENT, MACKIE CAME HOME AND ATE EVERYTHING IN THE HOUSE!
JESUS, HON! YOU'VE EATEN A ROAST CHICKEN, A BOX OF POP-TARTS, THREE BANANAS, A PLATE OF SPINACH LINGUINI, TWO POWER BARS, A LOAF OF BREAD AND MY ENTIRE SECRET JELLYBEAN STASH! WHAT DO YOU HAVE TO SAY FOR YOURSELF??
FLMNR FGRMFZR GLMRSHMP.
ON YOSEMITE, CA., MACKIE SCALED THE FORMIDABLE HALF DOME USING THE WRONG KIND OF HARNESS!
EXCELSIOR!!!
GIRL, IS THAT WHAT I THINK IT IS???
FOR HER BIRTHDAY, MACKIE'S GRANDMA TOOK HER ENTIRE GIRLJOCK MAGAZINE COLLECTION AND HAD IT BRONZED FOR DISPLAY IN A CUSTOM-BUILT MAHOGANY CASE!
NOW I JUST HAFTO FIND A NEW APARTMENT ...
DYKE
WELL...
THANKS ANYWAY, GRAM!

Against The Tide '94 On July 16, 1994, hundreds of swimmers will get together for *Against the Tide '94*, the nation's only fundraising swim specifically dedicated to the fight against breast cancer. *Against the Tide* will be held for the second time at historic Walden Pond in Concord, Massachusetts, renowned for one of its former residents, Henry David Thoreau.

Against the Tide is a project of Girljock writer Maria Vetrano, who created the event as a grassroots vehicle to fight breast cancer. When Vetrano lost her mother to breast cancer 16 years ago, she pledged to become the research scientist who would cure the disease. But with a career in PR and marketing, a fundraising swim was a more natural fit.

Against the Tide is a benefit for the Massachusetts Breast Cancer Coalition (MBCC), an advocacy group that has been instrumental in raising federal funding of breast cancer research—from less than $50 million (during the golden days of Reagan and Bush) to more than $400 million for 1995. The MBCC has also kicked veritable legislative butt at the state level, increasing state funding for mammography for uninsured and underinsured women and getting the state to declare breast cancer an epidemic, making it the first state in the nation to do so. *Against the Tide '94* will help the MBCC pay for a major free public conference, Breast Cancer & The Environment, which will be held in the Boston area in October of 1994. The MBCC's mission includes finding the causes of breast cancer that will ultimately lead to the cure.

Woman-positive corporate sponsors



of the event include: Ryka, the only woman-owned athletic shoe manufacturer in the world; Speedo, the world's premier swimsuit manufacturer; Moving Comfort, a growing woman-owned fitness apparel manufacturer; Stonyfield Farm Yogurt; Poland Springs; Bruegger's Bagel Bakery; Bread & Circus Whole Foods; J.P. Licks, surely the best ice cream and frozen yogurt maker in Beantown and with one location in the ultimate city of sisters, Jamaica Plain, MA; and Boris Master Color, an absolutely fabulous film processing lab.

If you would like to receive more information on *Against the Tide '94*, please call (617) 489-3482.

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Excuse me, were you born in a barn?

Two girls discussing algebra at a bus stop:
Girl 1: What's cosine? Is it a number or a mathematical function?
Girl 2: No, it's a button you press on the calculator.

I was approaching the Central Park softball field with some trepidation because I was expecting to see a woman who had recently dumped me when I was signaled by a blond, possibly heterosexual, woman who was in the process of zipping up her Louis Vuitton bat bag.

"Could you answer this if it rings?" the blond woman asked, holding out the cute little folded up telephone she had pulled from the pocket of her navy linen blazer.

My first thoughts were, "Who is this woman? Do I know this woman? Where does one buy a Louis Vuitton bat bag?"

After a moment of bewilderment not only at this complete stranger's brazen request but also at the fact that she was wearing a blazer with spandex shorts and cleats I said, "Why, are you expecting a call from the barn you undoubtedly call home?" *(A.G.)*

Overheard at a Navajo reservation craft center and scenic viewpoint (on private Navajo land):

Old Caucasian Male Fart: (on the lack of park service style spoon-feed explanatory placards and signs) They sure don't tell you much, do they?

Old Caucasian Female Fart: (looking over the edge of the canyon) I'm too old for this.

Old Caucasian Male Fart: (speaking to a Navajo craft seller) What's this made out of?

Navajo Craft Seller: Sterling silver.

Old Caucasian Male Fart: What? Stolen silver? (laughs at his own "joke")

Navajo Craft Seller: (laughs politely, rolls eyes)

Girljock Magazine's suggested response: If that old fart wandered into our backyards and bitched about there being no explanatory placards, we'd suggest he quickly sod off by saying, "Do you need a placard to get out of your own barn stall?" *(Mirau)*

Girljock correspondent, receiving the latest book sacrifice from the supplicant publisher hoping to appease the girljock correspondent's inner reviewer goddess. "Imagine my surprise to discover I was expected to review this particular book," the correspondent wrote us, adding, "When I suddenly found myself inside the very book they'd sent me." Indeed, it turned out that our correspondent's own character, although in fictional effigy, had been completely character assassinated in the text of the book. The Girljock correspondent had had enough. She reached deep into the postcard file until she found the correct Midwestern barn photo, and addressed to the book's publicist and author: "Excuse me, but were you both born in a barn?" *(Mirau & Rox)*

Girljock correspondent on a soccer field, suddenly discovered her female opponent's body pressing extremely closely into her butt, as if they were in that phase of body contact known as "joined at the hip." Our correspondent, an out lesbian, thinking that the woman pressing into her so deeply might be trying to distract her from the soccer activity, decided she'd try a fake back on the woman pressing so closely into her.

While this may have been a good opportunity to ask if the hip-presser was born in a barn, our soccer player said, aiming below the belt, "You must really like me!"

"Oh, yes, I do," said the opponent, still pressing deeply into our correspondent's behind. After the game our Girljock correspondent took it a step farther: "How can you like me so much when I don't even know you?" she asked the hip-presser.

"Because of your odor," the hip-presser responded. *(Rox)*

This dominant butch dyke friend of mine called me to tell me she just got her tongue pierced.

"Your tongue pierced!" I exclaimed, "You must feel extra holy now."

"No," she answered, " I just feel like I was castrated, meek, vulnerable and I don't even feel horny."

"Do you think doing such a submissive act as bowing down before a piercer to be totally humiliated is going to make you more of a butch thing? Excuse me, were you born in a barn?" *(SF)*

Thanks to our Girljock #12 Barn Department contributors: Alexis Gannon, Michelle Rau, Roxxie, Stacey Foss, and all their friends who conveyed these stories of "deep barn" to us.

JUMBO

Susan Fox Rogers

I imagine it unfolding something like this:
"Hello, I'm Jumbo." I don't offer to shake hands.
I don't want to know how strong her hands are.
I don't want her to feel my fingertips,
because they aren't callused enough
for a hard-core rock climber.

She'll look at me—no Jumbo at five foot six, and one hundred and fifteen pounds—and wonder what about me might warrant the nickname, the title really, of Jumbo. I'll let her guess if it is my ego, my biceps or my heart.

This is my strategy for beating my competition rock climbing at the Gay Games: psych-out.

Psyching out my competition is really the only method I know, because I'm not a competitive athlete. Sport climbing is a young and noisy child of rock climbing—the sport I chose at age fifteen. I chose it specifically because in the 70s climbing was an anti-sport: we didn't train or workout, we self-consciously avoided competition, and we were rebels from society. That climbing has become a "real" sport, with local, national, and world-cup competitions (though it hasn't yet made it to the Olympics), makes it valid—it's something that can be shown on TV, even your parents can understand it. In fact, of all the high risk sports that people have gotten excited about, rock climbing is at the top of the media image bank. (So in this "year of the lesbian" being a dyke rock climber puts me into a whole new category of hyper trend. Funny, I don't feel that popular.)

But even if I've worked to not be competitive, somehow every under-used competitive bone in my body is aching as the Games approach.

Some days I imagine my competition to be a gnarly, honed rock babe who can hang on to 5.12 crimpers on an overhanging wall. When I train—and I'm training with an alarming focus these days—I picture her. I pray or chant to her, imagine her missing the clip, peeling, taking a nice long whipper (no injuries, of course) I visualize her demise. Isn't that how competition works?

But some days I become sad, imagining she is actually nonexistent.

In fact, I have no idea who the competition in any of the sports is. Nobody does. Past records are of no use, because some nineteen-year-old Olympic quality swimmer could have come out this past fall, and in blossoming into her new-found sexuality, will come and destroy the field. My local softball team, the Ulster Upstarts, are good, the best the area has to offer: but what does that mean? How fast can a pitcher from Des Moines pitch? How many homeruns can a dyke from San Anselmo hit? Can an Ulster County girl keep up?

There will be thousands of lesbians competing in the Gay Games—and I don't know many of them. Beyond Martina, who are our lesbian athletes? The difficulty of finding "names" in the lesbian sports world hit home when I decided to edit an anthology on lesbian jocks. It seemed an easy and obvious proposition: how hard could it be to find contributors when entire social worlds are built around the softball diamond? But none of these women wanted to, or rather said they could, write for me. They did sports, they didn't write. So I changed my game plan, came at the subject from the side, which I learned is never a graceful approach. I called around looking for writers—we've all had our jock experience, right? "But I'm not a jock," they all confessed. "Did you ever love a jock?" I tried. I called many newspapers, large and small, around the country asking if they had, or ever had a lesbian write on sports for them. "No, but that would be a good idea. Want a job?" I persevered, wondering why our role models were so few, why we had no dyke jock spokesperson, why our literature was so slim. (The collection did come together—beautifully—and Sports Dykes will be out with St. Martin's Press this May. But I had to sell my soul and a few other things to do it.)

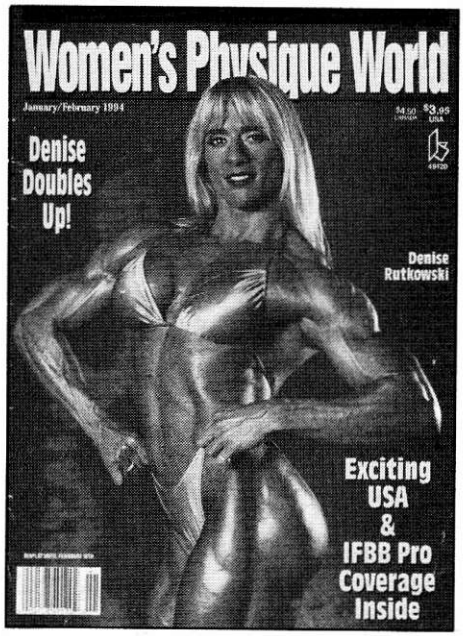
The Gay Games aren't really about competition. They are about celebrating our bodies in a powerful way (one that is "accepted" as well), and it's about coming together to find our role models, our spokeswomen, our world of sports and the voices within.

I hope I will hear the chant, rhythmic and strong: "Jum-bo, Jum-bo" as I pull out the overhanging wall, matching hands and feet, trying to focus over the din of the crowd. As I try to crank those last moves will I have to admit I'm not Jumbo, drop the psych-out, and my competitive edge? Maybe. But I'll wait to see who the competition is first. ■

We tackle the media...
Reviews

Women's Physique World Magazine

$3.95 from Women's Physique World, PO Box 429, Midland Park, NJ 07423



The bulky pulsating biceps. These crusty cow-town girls with their abnormally tanned bodies sans tan lines, some igniting more of a bottled orange rather than a healthy bronze. We can't forget their silky, slimy, slippery bodies that reek of sweet oil and sweat. Opening the pages, I was genuinely surprised by the entertainment to be found in the slick pages of female fantasy fitness. Usually such descriptions would make me incredibly nauseous. However, as I think back on some of the women in *Women's Physique World*, I am actually titillated at the sight of these women, who, with their semi-sweet faces have something more than massive muscle mass.

Yes there has actually been a change over the years at what is considered a first-cut body, and it has improved. I recall when I watched the Ms. Olympia contest about a year ago, how impressed I was. It had been a long time since I had watched one of these competitions, probably back in the days of Raquel Mcsomething, a name that has drifted into the oblivion of memory's used car district, the Mcsomethings–anyways–the competition has really changed and the women are doing choreography that fits them and allows them to show off their talents and charms.

Unlike *Playboy* with its contestants' ridiculous list of aspirations and goals, you get a real down-to-earth background on these women's lives and some sexy poses in between. Because of this magazine's allure the readers will be greatly varied. We get a few color pictures of some of these women and some insight into their dreams, ambitions and workouts. I must say I was very impressed by some of these women's intelligence. and lack of bullshit. They are actually talking a lot about real life and how they discovered their sport. This magazine is actually well written and the interviews are really intriguing. Some of the pictures are pretty hot...

The average girl jock could not aspire to every page, but even a non-bodybuilder can admire these women for what they do. Body thickness is a matter of personal choice, and we girljock types are pro-choice. (Stacey Foss)

We Also Reviewed ... What???

Due to the scarcity of *Girljock* home exercise videos in our mailbox this issue, we had to reach our hands a little deeper into the questionable box of videos. Our questionable box is slightly intimidating: this overflowing bin consists of stuff that we simply didn't jump at the first time, and are just not sure how this stuff may fit into *Girljock*. I mean, how many audiocassettes of serious poetry have we ever listened to, let alone reviewed? Pass me another jogbra, please, and it's not that I don't like poetry, either. But a lot of this stuff is just too heavy, or processed, or severe. However, due to a shortage of time and considering it was a cold, rainy night, the *Girljock* staff decided to bundle up on the publisher's couch, order a pizza and hope nobody would bother us as we proceeded with our mission. Publishing Machine Roxxie plugged in the first video entitled **Well Sexy Women**, and we patiently awaited results.

Daunting dinnertime. We got a little discouraged when the opening scene was ten English women talking about diseases as they sit at a large dinner table. I don't know about you, but I don't find all this dinnertime disease-talk to be good table manners, and if this is supposed to be a sex video where the hell is the sex?

After 20 minutes of diseases at dinner I was no longer thinking about sex but more about all my past relationships and all the funky little bacteria, minute organisms, and AIDS, along with the thousands of VDs that I may have at this moment. I got angry at everyone I have slept with, and I think I will be my own "best friend" from here on out. Roxxie, who had a terrible affliction of the human condition of spring fever well before this video, became very grateful that she practices her own safe sex technique of sublimating sex for art.

Video-barrage. As each of the video women tells us about their safe sex methods, the scene changes and we see the girls starting to get excited and they break for some lesbian action. The problem here is not the safe sex talk, because that is the point of this video, but the direction is so bad that it ruins any possibility of me getting turned on. There are some really hot women in this video practicing some hot lesbian techniques. However, most of the girls are stiff (so to speak) and maybe a glass or two of wine before getting both behind and in front of the camera would have helped. Girljock staff's major complaint is that they should not make all the safe sex talk such a big deal, but put it at the end of the video, since safe sex techniques have already been demonstrated.

Our second video of the night was **Real San Francisco Lesbians**, number 3. Number three is a charm and even the VCR heated up over this one. This video ends up being so hot! I mean serious hot women doing the nastiest of things to each other in every position with a lot of role switching. Hosting the video is one of our local dominatrixes, who this reporter had even acquainted: she does a kinky, trashy but entertaining job. And such fine attitude on her part! Telling us she had things to teach us, even showing a topping attitude towards us, the video audience.

However, the great highlight was the hottest butch ever-to-be-seen-in-a-lesbian sex video in every position–even as a bottom. I find it amazing that a video obviously done in some friend's bedroom with no special effects or fancy costumes, not even an ounce of music, comes across so well: just these women in their pure natural heated-up form. Warning: if "the anal thing" makes you uncomfortable we recommend you try another title. We enjoyed it immesely and Girljock unanimously votes for **Real San Francisco Lesbians**, Volume number three, produced by Pleasure Productions in Tennent, New Jersey, as the hottest lesbian sex video these editrixes had ever ever seen in all of their adult video-glue-eyed life. The rest of the night was pretty useless as far as getting magazine work done but we didn't care. (Stacey Foss)

CAMPMOR Spring 1994

Sporting Goods Mail-Order Catalog

My stove! They have my Coleman stove but for $20 less than I bought it for, and a tent that can go over the butt of my large pink truck.

If you like to combine your sports and outdoors activities, you'll want to get a copy of this sporting goods catalog filled with an amazing variety of reasonably-priced stuff. Besides the usual sleeping bags, backpacks, tents, stoves, and outdoor clothing, they carry five kinds of jogbras, zillions of hiking boots, bicycling accessories, coolers, knives, rock-climbing shoes, harnesses, ice axes, and even a modular climbing-hold system so you can make your own indoor rock-climbing walls. Campmor, PO Box 700-Q, Saddle River, NJ, 07458-0700, phone (201) 445-5000 for free catalog. (mirau)

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#5 • Susie Bright's Girljock Tell-all! Kovick, Age Police, True Transgressive Romance, Angela Bocage's "Confessions of a Baton Twirler."

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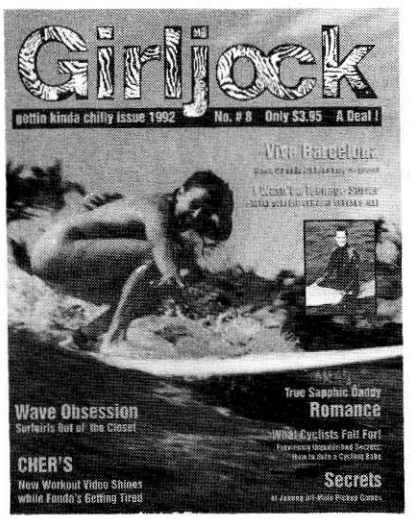

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On-Line with DunkManiac

Roxxie Chats it Up with a Virtual Stranger

This was a chance meeting of two girljocks on line. Suddenly an instamessage appeared on Roxxie's screen as she browsed AOL's message boards, and she met... DunkManiac.

RoxxieT: Where from, oh Dunk-A-Maniac? and how did I get on your instamessage list?

DunkManiac: The name Roxy has always held a fascination for me. I grew up with a Roxy in school. She was one tough cookie.

RoxxieT: So you were just browsing in AOL, looking for roxxies to meet?

DunkManiac: What do you do?

RoxxieT: I'm a writer

DunkManiac: Wow! What do you write?

RoxxieT: OK, I write about gals like you. I'm the roxxie as in Roxxie the Sleepless, of Girljock Magazine. But wait, are you a female?

DunkManiac: Yes. Why do you ask?

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SPORTSDYKES explores, defines and celebrates the lesbian sports experience. From serious investigative journalism to works of lyrical fiction, the life of the "girl jock" is vividly revealed in the 31 pieces collected in this anthology.

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ST. MARTIN'S PRESS

RoxxieT: So, can a person just send instant message to anyone anywhere? or do you send it to a list? I'm really a modem novice.

DunkManiac: I am too. You can go to membership directory and enter your criteria and see what comes up. But if a person isn't online, I think you can only e-mail.

DunkManiac: Where did you live? I live in Basketball City. Do you type slow?

RoxxieT: Um, the phone keeps ringing here and I was also sending an e-mail letter to a gal in Beantown.

DunkManiac: What is girljock magazine, you didn't say? Although I imagine it isn't about ice cream. What sports do you play? Besides soccer.

RoxxieT: Girljock magazine is a funny women's sports mag, that is lesbian-positive. If you head on down to Lambda Rising bookstore or the women's bookstore called Lammas, you can see a copy of GJ.

DunkManiac: Sounds good to me. I'll go tomorrow. What are your sports?

RoxxieT: Soccer, soccer, and a little bit of anything else. Biking, jogging, softball now and then, volleyball, etc ...

DunkManiac: Do you have a significant other?

RoxxieT: That's a personal question, don't you think?

DunkManiac: Don't answer anything you don't want to.

RoxxieT: OK, but do you?

DunkManiac: No. But I play hard.

RoxxieT: What does that mean exactly?

DunkManiac: My problem is I'm big—basketball player size.

RoxxieT: Do you like boys or girls?

DunkManiac: Prefer girls :)

RoxxieT: Some women like big gals to climb on.

DunkManiac: For somebody who doesn't answer personal questions, you sure know how to ask them! I'm 5'11", 175 lbs—there's plenty to climb on.

RoxxieT: That's cool, or do you east-coasters not say the word cool. I can't remember.

DunkManiac: Kwel. You must be older than me....

RoxxieT: Girljock's last issue was the women rock out issue, and it is about rockclimbing. And I am older than you unless you are older than me.

DunkManiac: I've never done any rock-climbing. I think that's for the thin wiry types. My center of balance is a little high. Have you done it?

RoxxieT: Nope, I haven't done it.

DunkManiac: I played soccer some, but I'm not that fast, and kept getting kicked in the shins. If you're big, everyone likes to go after you.

RoxxieT: They either kick you in the shins or the feet or elbow you, but if you are small like me, you get whacked in basketball, badly. I am teensey on the court: and those screen plays get me down.

DunkManiac: Well that's where I excel. I've got talented elbows and I'm really solid. I don't mind mixing it up. Do you work out with weights?

RoxxieT: I used to but not anymore. I just go for leg strength in cycling and running. Have been doing too many suicide sprints lately.

I've enjoyed chatting with you. Can we speak again sometime?

DunkManiac: Sure, why not?

RoxxieT: Hey, good luck in school. Knock 'em dead. Bye.

DunkManiac: If I knock them, they're pretty near dead! ■

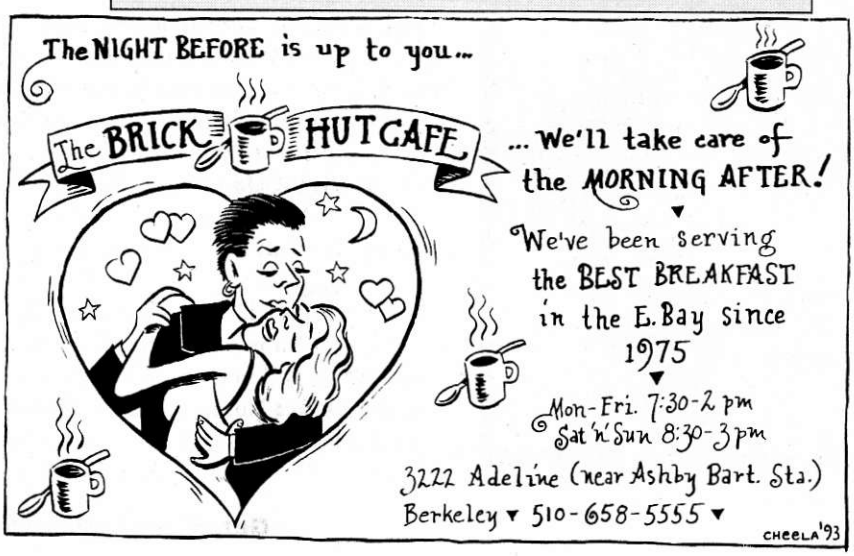
Mouse jockey: someone whose chief athletic activitiy consists of pushing a computer mouse around on a mousepad.

New T-shirt: The new Dzunukwa design by Vancouver Artist Corrine Hunt. Look for them in New York at the Gay Games, or call 604-299-3079 to order.

Girljock is now on-line!

We have our own message folder on America On-Line—to find it, check under the department Lifestyles and Interests, and find the Gay and Lesbian area (GLCF). Under "message boards," find the lesbian message boards, then look for the GIRLJOCKS folder. Currently there's a discussion of how hot Katarina Witt is, teams that process too much, and folks looking for other women to play with!

Anyone out there who's got an Internet e-mail address, write and let us know if you'd be interested in getting a periodic Girljock email newsletter. The form of the newsletter is still taking shape: What would you like to see in it? Send e-mail to roxxieT@aol.com, mirau@aol.com, or mirau@well.sf.ca.us.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Wild Girls in Action

by Girljock Correspondent Louise Stark

There are wild girls to be had on the screen, let me tell you: check out the San Francisco International Lesbian & Gay Film Festival. Here's this reporter's rundown on the popular feature favorites going out to the queer film fest circuit this season.

Rose Troche's sexy dyke melodrama *Go Fish* is this year's opener (on June 9) A down-to-earth low-budget feature out of Chicago, *Go Fish* was picked up for national release by the Samuel Goldwyn Company and will open at theaters across the country this summer.

The San Francisco Festival is the world's largest lesbian and gay film festival, and this year's schedule is truly international: 345 films from 19 countries will reel out from June 9-19 at venues throughout the Bay Area. Girljock's annual Festival involvement moves to the Castro Theater this year as we sponsor the U.S. Premiere of *Fearless: The Hunterwali Story,* an in depth portrait of India's legendary feminist stunt actress Fearless Nadia. When she's not punching male villains in the jaw, she's performing death-defying stunts and brandishing her trademark bullwhip. Bombay gay filmmaker Riyad Wadia surveys some of the most prominent figures in Indian cinema to draw his portrait of this busty, blue-eyed Australian Amazon who was a heroine to millions throughout the 1930s and 40s.

Speaking of feminist heroines: the late, great lesbian photographer Berenice Abbott is profiled in Martha Wheelock and Kay Weaver's *Berenice Abbott: A View Of The Twentieth Century.* Abbott's lesbian relationships with Djuna Barnes and Edna St. Vincent Millay are touched on as the artist discusses her work and her many famous friends. Musician Faith Nolan and sculptor/painter Grace Channer are profiled in Dione Brand's powerful and empowering, *Long Time Comin'.* The two black lesbian artists talk about their work, their friendship and their involvement in the Canadian women's movement. And then there's the 1950s Technicolor musical *Calamity Jane!* It's not an accurate portrayal by any means—Doris Day plays her as straight, in real life she liked girls—but she does spend the first half of the film in cowboy drag.

Other international highlights include the strangely alluring Elke Gotz German featurette *Your Heart Is All Mine.* This story about a girl and her very close relationship with her mother wavers between David Lynch weirdness and good old-fashioned romance as the girl falls in love with a very butch butcher. *Manuela's Loves* by Genevieve Lefebvre is a 1986 lesbian ménage-à-trois from France. Never widely distributed, the film is a rare European drama in the tradition of Alexandre von Grote's *Novembermoon.* Against a contemporary political backdrop, jealousies arise as the relationships between three women evolve. *Sex Of The Stars* is being marketed as a sex-change drama (a man becomes a woman and returns to visit his twelve year-old daughter) but it's probably most interesting as a story of girlhood and growing up (and it stars the beautiful Marianne Mercier, who's a dead ringer for a young k.d. lang). Canadian director Paule Baillargeon is best known to lesbian audiences as The Curator in Patricia Rozema's *I've Heard The Mermaids Singing; Sex Of The Stars* is Baillargeon's second feature as a director.

Spanish-American filmmaker Nuria Olive-Belles is just completing her surreal coming-of-age memoir, *Alicia Was Fainting,* about a girl who works in a butcher shop and daydreams about her best friend. Destined for cult status is the Hong Kong crossdressing kung fu film *The Legend Of Fong Sai-Yuk.*

There's lots of sexy films this year too. *Erotique* is a three-film package of "feminist" erotica. It's a bit too straight but it's got new short works from Lizzie Borden (*Born In Flames, Working Girls*) and Monika Treut (*The Virgin Machine, My Father Is Coming*). The third section is a beautiful (straight) Hong Kong romance by Clara Law (*Autumn Moon*). Lizzie Borden's segment *Let's Talk About Sex* was co-written by Susie Bright and features lots of great dialogue which could only have been written by Susie. Monika Treut's *Taboo Parlor* is a very wild twist, with an equally twisted surprise ending.

Lisa Chappell and Jennifer Ward-Lealand in Desperate Remedies.

A scene from *Erotique*, a new film featuring the talents of Monika Treut and Susie Bright.

Other sexy things include: S.F. videomaker Hima B.'s portrait of lesbian and bisexual strippers, *Straight For The Money.* This landmark overview has interviews with Annie Sprinkle, Joan Nestle and Carol Queen which add a depth of analysis that goes far beyond other sex-work documentaries. Sexy for girls and for boys, *Desperate Remedies* is being pitched by distributor Miramax for its full lesbian appeal (the film will open in select cities later this summer). The Festival closes with this campy co-gender costume comedy on June 19th. Despite boy-heavy content tendencies, it has got sexy girls kissing and, it is way fun.

Of course there's tons of shorts programs in the Festival and not enough space to write about them. The festival catalog will be available on May 18 at which point you can put the catalog in your bathroom, I mean personal library, and read all about them yourself.

Note: The 18th San Francisco International Lesbian & Gay Film Festival runs from June 9-19 1994, at the 1,550-seat Castro Theatre. Other venues include the Roxie Cinema, the Center for the Arts at Yerba Buena Gardens in San Francisco, the Towne 3 Theater in San Jose, and Pacific Film Archives in Berkeley. The free 70-page catalog will be available with the May 18 edition of the San Francisco Bay Guardian, or call (415) 703-8650 to be sent a copy after that date. Advance tickets for this year are available beginning May 20 by calling (415) 776-1999 or (outside California) 1-800-225-BASS. ■

When she's not punching male villains in the jaw, she's performing death-defying stunts and brandishing her trademark bullwhip.

Dear Femme Jock

Dear Femme Jock,

I have a terrible problem. I think I am falling in love with this woman that I have been aquainted with for the past few months. We aren't good friends but we sometimes mingle in the same social circle.

I guess it started as a physical attraction. She is very pretty and has a perfect body (like most Girl-jocks). She used to only have an effect on me when she would bend over in front of me when she was in tight jeans or when she would lean forward while she was wearing a low cut top. But now, I can't stop thinking about her.

Being physically attracted to Lisa was something I could handle. After all, she's provided me with some great fantasy material. My real problem stems from the fact that my fantasies of Lisa have gone from imagining drenching my hands with baby oil and giving her a full body massage to holding her aged and spotted hand in mine while we sit together on our front porch swing.

Am I really falling in love with this girl? I think I could sit and listen to her talk for hours and never take my eyes off of her face.

We even have quite a few things in common. We both love sports and are former softball players (we even played the same position) and we both sustained injuries which now keep us from actively participating in sports the way we used to. There are so many things that we have in common that to list them all would fill this page.

So, what's so terrible about all of this?

Well, everything would be fine if she wasn't terminally heterosexual and very attached to her live-in boyfriend!

Is there any advice you can give me? My torment and anguish grow daily. She's the first woman I've ever felt this way about.

Sincerely,
Lustful, Lover of Lisa

Dear Triple L,

I have some very good news for you. But first, may I suggest (of course I can, I'm Femme Jock) that you find more in common with your future life partner than similar softball positions and injuries? Really dear, how are you ever going to play Pickle when you're both on second base? Yes I know about the joy of softball and the different positions you can play (with), but let's face it (if you will), there are only 9.

Having said that, let me proceed with the good news. As you may know there are dykes who hang out with dykes, dykes who hang out with fags, fags who hang out with fags, and fags who hang out with straight girls. It was one of the latter whom I graced with my presence on an hourlong car ride. Lustful lover of Lisa and all lesbians who love straight girls who (think they) love men, what I found is that these faggots have the inside scoop, so to speak, on straight girls. As a faithful Girljock correspondent I was sure that this material would come in handy someday. So think about it. The straight girls are talking to men (who they supposedly like) and (theoretically) don't have to be threatened by fears of intimacy or attack (not necessarily the same thing) given that they are talking to gay boys. And this is what this faggot (who shall remain nameless) told me: 95% of the straight women he's "queeried" (so to speak!) said they'd be interested in sex with a woman. 95%! Don't despair. Don't let your torment and anguish grow—95%!

Dear Femme Jock,

My girlfriend has recently taken up basketball, softball and soccer. I think it means she doesn't want to be around me as much and I feel rejected. I've thought of getting a blow-up doll for a companion, but I don't know what size or kind to get. Do you think she'll get the hint if I get a blow up doll? I've even found myself getting absentminded crushes on other women, and thinking during the slow hours of the afternoon about their dresses and skirts, and how lovely women's bodies are. I miss having one next to me, and I miss touching female skin.

Should I get a doll? Should I hide my girlfriend's athletic gear? Should I go out for all the sports that she does? Should I go to the sex parties I get invited to? Whatever should I do?

Yours,
My Girlfriend is Lost in Sports

Dear Lost In Sports,

On the one hand, blow-up dolls have really bad hair-do's, the same expression on their face all of time and certainly are no substitution for female skin, particularly the kind that is toned and solid from basketball, softball and soccer.

On the other hand, a blow-up doll may rekindle your desire for your girlfriend so much that you won't care if she's on the basketball court, softball or soccer field—you'll simply throw your clothes off, throw her down (wherever she is) and get yours next to hers, using both of your hands so that you no longer have to use them to debate the pros and cons of blow-up doll companions.

Dear Femme Jock,

Here's the story of a lovely lesbian. She was busy raising hopes of dating three lovely lesbians of her own. All of them had hair of gold like Michelle Pfeiffer, the youngest one in pearls.

Until one day when this lovely lady met this straight girljock and they knew it was much more than a hunch that one day they would do more than lunch.

But before they could become a lesbians bunch, there was the little problem of model-bot behavior the straight girljock come to show when hanging with her own!

Oh Femme Jock, please tell me true, why do one day straight girljocks flirt and sweat and tell us what to do one day and then giggle, sigh and blink blankly at three hairy little boys of their own the next?

Have I, a lovely lesbian, become a girljoke?

Pitifully Yours,
Too Much Arizona Sun

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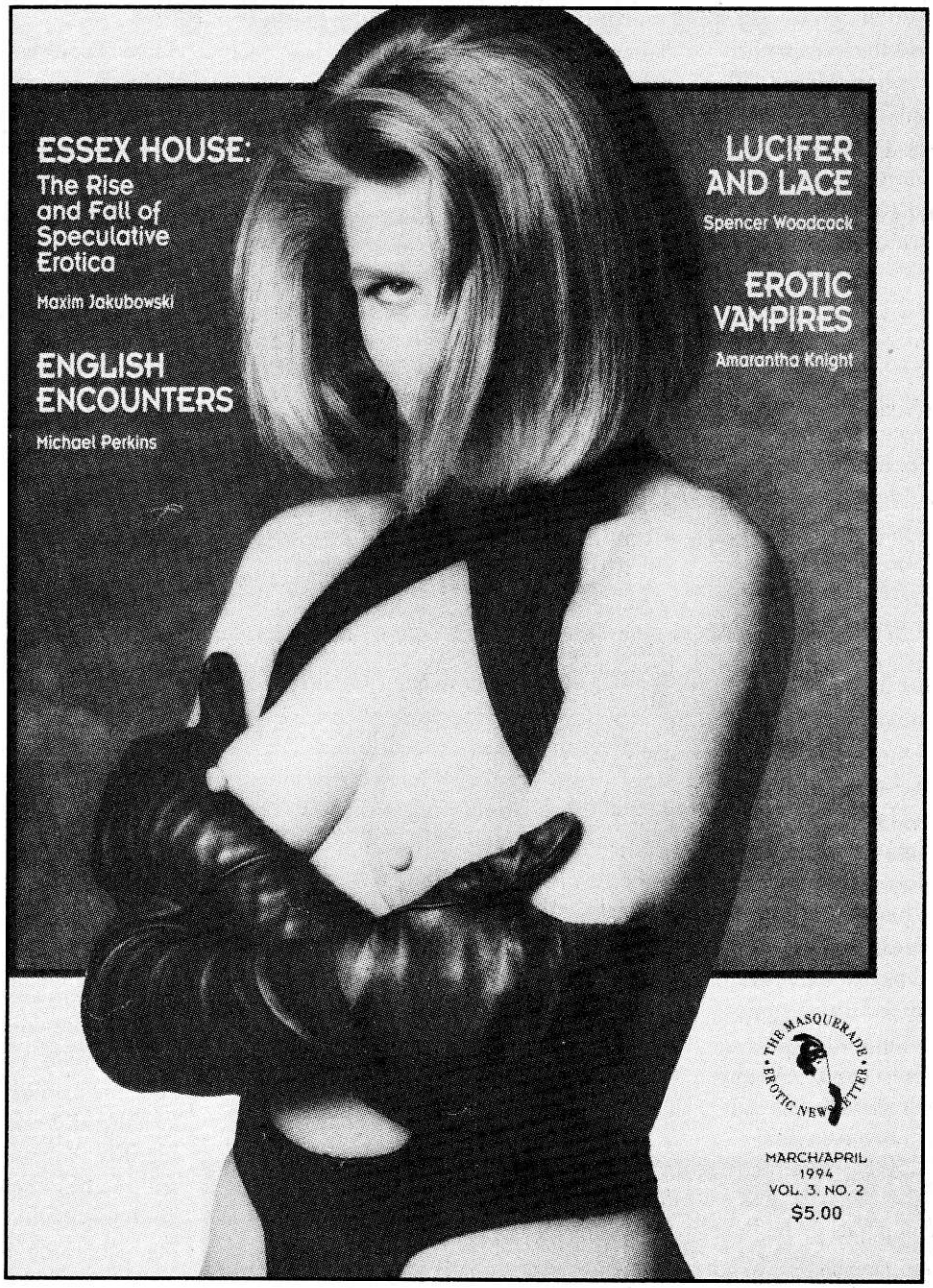

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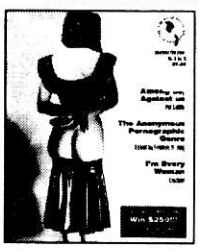

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Dear Too Much Sun,

1. Yes.
2. Forget about the bunch...go for Alice.
3. Study metaphor and the inappropriateness of mixed metaphor. Mixed metaphor is like mixed messages: passive aggressive. Femme Jock and others would prefer you, simply, aggressive.
4. You have provoked Femme Jock's unusually harsh nature by signing your letter 'Pitifully Yours'.
5. Please.

Dear Femme Jock,

There is a woman at the place I work who has sandy brown hair with a touch of gray in it. Her hair goes down to just above her shoulders and it is extremely feminine. The color? Just a touch of gray, mind you, but I don't know what's going on because I always go out with younger women. I think this woman is older than me, maybe. Her hair hangs off her head in a way that always makes me wonder how it would look if it were messed up a little.

That's my problem. I started thinking about how her hair is always in place, and how pretty it is and how much I like to look at her hair. How I conjure her hair up in my mind when she is not there, how I like to think about it. before you know it, I started to think about how it would look messed up.

Then I started thinking of ways to mess her hair up. I could run my fingers through it, I could run both hands through it, I could run my own hair through it, and before you know it, I was thinking about how attractive this woman is and how I'd like to ... have some intimate adventures with her. She wouldn't have to move in with me and marry me, we could just have some...times messing up her hair.

So there I was at the photocopy machine, fantasizing about her hair again, and suddenly I turned around and saw her there. What if she knew what I was thinking?

What if she did? What should I do?

Yours,

Hair spelled my doom

P.S. Should I have been a hairdresser?

Dear Doom,

Many of us have "That Girl" fetishes. Go for it! Really, you girls are so shy!

Dear Femme Jock,

I don't know what to do. I went to therapy for about six years when I was in my twenties, I have recently rediscovered "transference". I have been doing it again but this time she's no shrink. Instead she is my coach and she is NOT available. She recently told me she really likes me. All I can think about is the way her face lights up when she smiles. Boston summers have never been this warm. She even told me my legs looked SEXY!

The thing is she's happily married and her husband is much bigger than I am. Still, I would do anything to have her next to me. What should I do?

GirlJock Trouble on the East Coast

Dear Trouble on the East Coast,

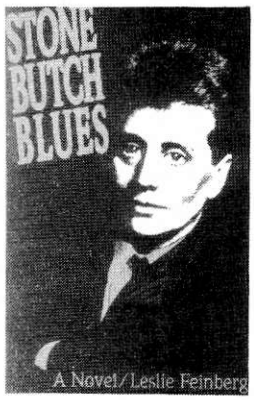
Darling, you may think that her husband is much bigger than you now, but remember: dildoes come in all sizes. I'm sure you could keep it up much longer too.

See response to"Doom" (i.e. go for it!).

See response to "Triple L." (i.e. 95%!).

Read *Stone Butch Blues* where the girl fucks the straight girl with a dildo and the straight girl never knows he's a she.

Note:"Trouble,""Doom" and"Triple L." and Dearest Readers: Femme Jock is as surprised as you at this cheerleading advice to "go for it" with straight girls!

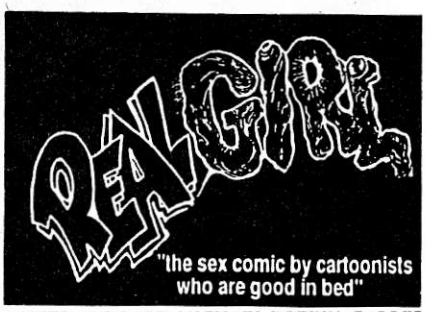


Book Review
Stone Butch Blues

By Leslie Feinberg
Firebrand Books
by Femme Jock Herself

Dear Butch & Femme Girljocks,

Here you are reclining on your Laz-e-girl lounger reading Girljock of course. Well, I say put it down for now and that's an order! If you were good and did as I said you shouldn't be reading this next sentence. If you are bad and still reading then let me say, without applying make-up, accessories, showering or bathing, putting on PJs or a jockstrap...run right out NOW and buy a copy of Stone Butch Blues by Leslie Feinberg! Girljocks, I could not put this book down. Much like the first six minutes to six months of a relationship, I was completely enamored and engrossed. Although she never mentions a single sport, I could feel Miss Steinbergs butchly, bulging biceps throughout. Girls! Girls! Girls! This is a good read. Enough to make you swoon. More than any Elvis Presley movie could. Still, I digress only because I don't want to give away too much. I want you to discover and savor for yourselves. Also, don't forget to frame the photo of Leslie Feinberg on the back cover.



ANGELA BOCAGE, MICHAEL BOTKIN, GARRET GASTON, MARIO HERNANDEZ, STEVE LAFLER ROXXIE, CHEELA SMITH, ROBERT TRIPTOW, REBECKA WRIGHT, and TRINA ROBBINS !!!

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A Joy to Put Between Your Legs

Discovering Hand-built Custom Bikes

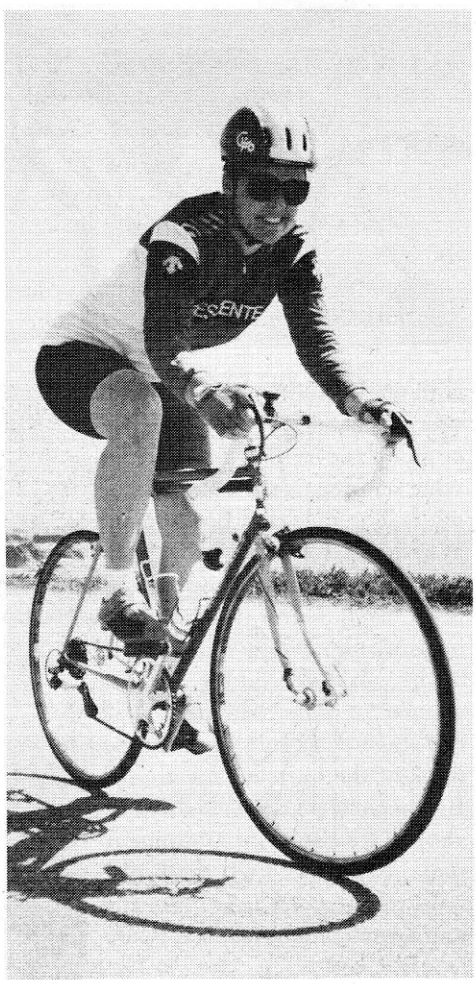
text and photos by Sharon Urquhart

Why would any sane person spend upwards of $1600 on a bicycle? Could a hand-built custom bike really be that different? An avid cyclist friend told me about her custom frame builder who specializes in fitting women. I went to Graton, located deep in the heart of Sonoma County, California, where Ian Reidel creates his bikes. Ian greeted me in his dirt drive way with ruffled hair wearing an "Unleash the Queen" tee-shirt. He seemed unusually cheery for early on a Monday morning. The smell of daffodils in bloom was intoxicating; several cats played in the sun on top of a beat-up Oldsmobile and lambs were baaaaing in the distance for their mamas. The picturesque scene made me edgy. Ian led me into his worn bungalow for tea and conversation.

Ian began by explaining the many ways in which the bicycle industry, while they claim to serve women, continues to cater to the needs of men in terms of marketing, design, equipment and accompanying products. While most bicycle companies have a "women's bicycle" (usually available in mauve), these token models are a weak offering to a strong market.

Ian went on, noting the three points of contact on a bike; hands, feet, and gluteus maximus. The elements of the bike affecting fit in terms of the above are geometry, components, and the ever elusive saddle.

Geometry is all in the frame and it is the foundation of a comfortable and healthy ride. While both men and women vary in height, women vary significantly within similar height ranges. The proportions of most six-foot men are similar, and the material world is engineered to suit them. On the other hand, the proportions of 5'2" women are more likely to vary between each other in terms of torso length, shoulder width, and hand size. Production bicycles, those that you can buy right off the shelf, are suited for "standard" sized individuals. Commonly, handle bars are too far away on production bicycles for women to reach properly. With improper fit, lower back strain and discomfort surface. Unnecessary pain makes for a bad biking experience. Adjustments made to production bikes will ever remain an attempt to fit the person to the bicycle. Compromise is commonly the result, making for a less-than-ideal match of rider to bike.



A hand-built custom frame is built around a person, fitted to their exact proportions; akin to custom tailored clothing. Custom geometry can accommodate the peculiarities and uniqueness of each individual. The result is a ride wherein the bicycle ceases to exist.

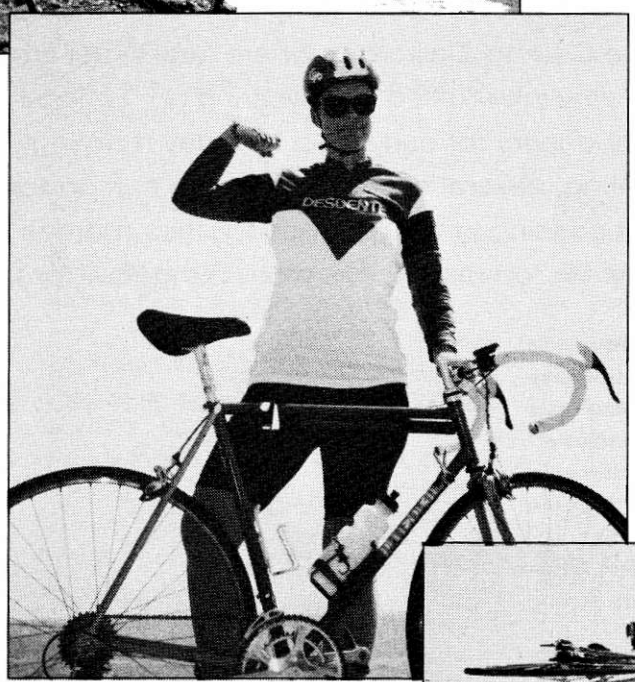
Though components come in standard sizes, arrangement and choice of those components will contribute significantly to comfort and performance. The crank arm length, handle bar width, and break lever size must be considered carefully. Crank arm length is selected proportional to the rider; short legs, short crank arms. Crank arms of inappropriate length may cause unnecessary knee strain. Handle bars need to be barely wider than the shoulders; hands are placed on handle bars at shoulder width. Too-wide handle bars will result in dis-

comfort and inefficiency. Finally, small hands need small break levers for both safety and comfort.

The saddle is the most elusive element to 90% of all cyclists. Most women find discomfort not due to firmness, but because of saddle shape; most saddle designs suit the male pelvic structure. It's not surprising then to find so many women complaining of chaffing, undue pressure, and pain. The cause is a poorly designed saddle. Ian cautiously warns that the "sheep skin covered tractor seat" may lure buyers in with a promise of extreme comfort. Think about it. You don't want anything excessive in a saddle; it should fit like a glove. Tractor style seats were made to sit on, not to be active on. Add a sheep skin seat cover to a hot spot with little circulation and you have a bacteriologist's dream come true!

Terry Precision, a woman owned and operated manufacturing company, makes saddles suited for women; they are the choice saddle for most of Ian's customers. One should keep in mind that a certain degree of "rider conditioning" is necessary with any saddle. Cyclists with properly fitted bikes claim that a good saddle is so comfortable that it will disappear between your legs. Like most things, you may have to ride on a few saddles before finding the perfect match.

Fit, sizing and saddle considered, I still questioned how much different a custom ride could be. Ian provided me with one of his shop bikes which was a close fit for my size. As we climbed the rolling hills of the wine country, Ian took note of my riding style and positioning. When possible, Ian rides with his customers so to understand their needs better. As I rode, I became increasingly more aware of the world around me and lost a sense of time. Maybe it was the daffodils, but I even lost track of the bicycle beneath me. By the time we returned to his shop I was sold on custom. A pink, leopard-spotted road bike built to my exact measurements and specifications will be ready in a few weeks.



Reidel's Recommendations to Bicycle Buyers

First find a bike shop that has visible offerings to women in both clothing and hardware. Ask when their knowledgeable and experienced female employees will be available to answer your questions (if they grunt and make excuses, another shop!). Arm yourself with information and know what it is you want and what type of riding you'll be doing; bicycle buyer guides are available at many newsstands. If you don't feel comfortable with a shop or its employees, don't buy there. These are the people you will come back to time and time again with questions, problems, and for service.

If you decide to go the custom route, be sure your builder is familiar with how anatomical differences between men and women are important to the bicycle. Your builder must know the requirements of women in terms of sizing, positioning and riding style. Ask for three or more references and follow through with contacting those customers—this may be the most important step you take! Your builder should also be able to satisfy your every desire in terms of paint. The builder is creating an extension of your body in metal. Always trust and like your builder.

Ian Riedel specializes in building custom bikes for women. Call him at (707)823-0263 for more information or to arrange a consultation.

In Search of the Rugby Goddess

by Maria Vetrano

They came bearing mouth guards. They came wearing boots. They arrived with their big blue and red striped shirts with specially-made non-injurious buttons and little, but durable, rugby shorts with double seams and drawstrings. There wasn't a designer label in sight. These women had come to play one of the most demanding and least understood sports in the world, the inimitable game of women's rugby.

When I walked onto the pitch which Beantown Women's Rugby call home, a much-used field on the banks of the Charles River, I was overcome by a sense of nostalgia for the game which I have known and loved for years.

It took me back to my freshman year of college when I stumbled onto one of the rowdiest, tightest-knit, and most iconoclastic groups of women whom I had ever encountered. On the backs of their team jackets, they wore skulls and crossbones. They took me in as one of the uninitiated and told me the rules: "No jewelry, no barrettes, and no fingernails. Passing, kicking, running, and tackling are okay; high tackling is not. Choose between the pack (or the scrum) and the backs (the runners). Play by the rules, don't talk to the ref, and party with the other team after the game. By the way, there are about 150 rugby songs for you to learn and one question, can you chug?" It was a far cry from the tennis team (I threw my Chrissie Everetts to the wind) – and after just one game: I knew I was in love.

Rugby is all about love. For the women of Beantown Rugby, Boston's winningest team in history at any professional or amateur level, rugby is a labor of love. You can see it in their faces – at practices, during warm-ups and games, and when they talk about their sport with a member of the outside world. "Rugby is the ultimate team sport," they say.

Is rugby a paradigm for larger women's issues? Mary Jo Kane, who played Beantown rugby for 12 years as a second row, comments, "Right now they're politicizing women's health issues. They're politicizing self-esteem in young girls. One of the things they've talked about is the benefit that boys and men have from playing team sports. I think that there's a kind of non-traditional leadership that women experience from doing things like playing rugby which can be brought into other environments."

I stumbled onto one of the rowdiest, tightest-knit, and most iconoclastic groups of women whom I had ever encountered. On the backs of their team jackets, they wore skulls and crossbones.

Boston women's rugby was born in 1976. Rugby lore has it (and there's always plenty of rugby lore) that a young woman named K.O. Onufried was so keen to play rugby that she began playing on the men's rugby team at the University of Massachusetts and later became one of Beantown's formative players. What kind of woman could play men's rugby, you might wonder? Surely, she must have been six-foot-three with bulging muscles and a neck of steel. Don't let the stereotypes fool you. The beauty of rugby is that there's a position for every body type – short, tall, stocky, powerful, sinewy, and fast, with different needs for every position. And with long blond hair, great hands, and a runner's build, K.O. Onufried defied any stereotype of a woman who would play a contact sport with men. What she did have, like all the historically great women ruggers of past and present, was a driven, never-say-die mentality and a total understanding of the game. K.O. played rugby for seventeen years. Even after "retirement" (you don't quit rugby, you retire–and sometimes players go in and out of retirement from season to season), K.O. is still part of the very fabric of the game. Her name is passed down from rugby generation to generation. You can still hear the older players telling the younger players about her as they stand by the sidelines of the pitch: "Ever hear about K.O., the rugby goddess?"

Rugby Goddess power is so awesome, that even Barbara Bush, *the* Barbara Bush, was caught in this rugby tributory pose. Barbara demonstrated this rugby-worshipping in front of the USA Eagles National Rugby team at the White House. Photo courtesy of the US Eagles photo archives.

From The Sidelines

On a warm fall day, I watched the Beantown women power-over and outfinesse their competitors. With a record like theirs, it's something to which you think they must have grown accustomed. Surely, they don't have to work that hard to defeat a less talented competitor. But when you look a little closer, you can see fly-half Mary Dixey running sophisticated plays with the rest of the backs, looping in and out, dodging, passing, tackling. The scrum runs behind in support, like some integral strand of DNA, they weave in and out of the backs, setting up mauls and rucks, corkscrew passing so adroitly, it looks like they've been playing together forever. And some of them have come close. **Props** Betsy Kimball and Annie (Gina) Flavin, and **Eight** Jan Rutkowski, have played Beantown rugby for more than sixteen years a piece. That's longer than most players in any competitive team sport. It's also longer than most jobs and most relationships. Experience and continuity bring their benefits to the playing field. They also bring great war stories. It's always a pleasure when you go out for a beer with these gals and one exclaims, "Hey, remember back in 82 at nationals when...!" And the dialogue becomes so lively and interesting that two hours later you know enough about Beantown women's rugby to play Truth or Dare with them and be a real threat.

With a team record of 367 wins, 23 losses, an annual presence at women's nationals, and many players on the U.S. Eagles team, (the elite American team which plays in world rugby championships), Beantown women's rugby is a force to be reckoned with. They've even got imported talent. Scrum-half and team captain Patty Connell, stellar fullback Mary (Sully) Sullivan, Christie Stevens, and Brett Newton all emigrated to the Boston area to join the Beantown roster. (Beantown has a way of attracting some of the best players anywhere. According to rumor, it is because of "those stories they tell.")

It's tough to watch Beantown play and believe that they're just out for a bit of a work-out on a sunny day. Beantown rugby is the most professional amateur team this Girljock reporter has ever encountered. These women train hard to stay in shape. Their practices are efficient, well-designed training sessions, full of rugby drills, aerobic conditioning, and wind sprints. They practice and play in mud, snow, rain, and wind, and they tackle with no more equipment than a mouth guard.

You would think that they'd have sponsors, big sponsors, and fans. Yet on the afternoon I watched Beantown score the afternoon away, there were only a

few dozen fans on the sidelines—mostly former players and significant others, AKA rugby widows – wives or rugby husbands, as the case may be. The lack of big sponsors seems terribly unfair. The other New England teams seem to choke in the clutch, but not Beantown. They have dominated New England rugby for many years and have been a major player on the national scene since the birth of the women's sport.

Scenes from a Maul

To get a true insider's view of rugby, you really have to play the game—feel the boots at the bottom of the ruck, the sweat, the pain, the collision of forces, the exhilaration. That's why I attended an authentic Beantown practice, I told myself, to be the George Plimptonette of the women's rugby world. Sometimes noble aspirations should be quashed by the indelible stamp of reality. Well, heck, I used to play the game—four years in college and a few years upon graduation—even a spring season on Beantown's "B" team. I had once loved the game, the ferocity of competition, the camaraderie, the songs (and the parties). But I'm a little older now and I love my neck. I remembered the joy and also the sacrifice.

There I was. Players sitting on the sidelines, removing their sneakers and putting on their boots. No Mr. Rogers to warm my heart during this little episode. I blithely did the same, greeting players as they walked by and telling them that I was there to write a story (so they wouldn't expect me to be a real player).

The warm-up circle began—thirty-some players spread out on a field, focusing attention on Sully, the warm-up leader. I couldn't remember what it was that made me feel like ever leaving.

Somehow I survived long enough to join the team for passing and tackling drills, expertly led by Coach Joan Morrissey, a former Beantown standout. Joan's practice is one of the best organized I've attended for any sport—ice hockey, soccer, you name it. She knows what she is doing and so do the players, running patterns on the pitch, encouraging each other, and focusing on the drill of the moment.

And then there was scrum, my personal point-of-no-return. The Beantown gals remembered that I'd been a prop, which is just like it sounds, a person who holds another person up. Actually, two props hold up one hooker, who is suspended between them. When two oppos-

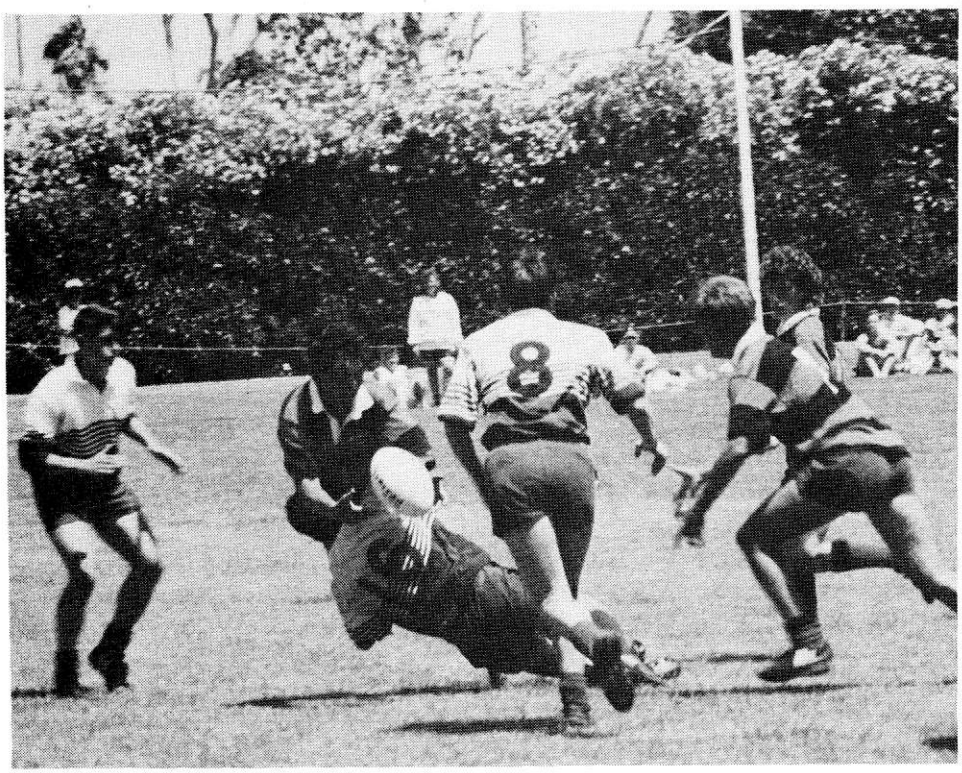


Photo courtesy of the Beantown photo archives.

Fun rugby facts

Hot Spots for Women's Rugby

In the U.S.—San Francisco (three teams—Bay Area She-hawks, Berkeley, and Chaos); Boston (two teams—Beantown and Boston Women's Rugby); Atlanta; Florida (Florida State of Tallahassee); Minnesota; New York; Washington; Maryland.

Internationally—England, New Zealand, Wales, Canada.

Big Tournaments

Saranac Lake Tournament in Upstate New York every August.

National Championships

Location varies every year. Last year's national's were held in Long Beach, CA. It was Beantown versus San Francisco's Bay Area She-hawks, who won by one point.

World Championships

First held in 1991 in Cardiff, Wales, this year's world championships will be held in Holland in April of 1994. Playing for the U.S. World Cup [Eagles] women's rugby team is akin to being an Olympian—you're the best in your country and you're facing international competitors.

Countries who fielded teams at the last World Championships

The U.S., Canada, England, Sweden, Holland, Spain, Russia, Japan, Wales, Italy, France, New Zealand.

Mary Jo Kane on the physicality of women's rugby

"I have a different sense of my body out in the world and a sense of my own power because of the experience of being in a very physical environment, playing a contact sport.... I feel safer as a women than I think a lot of other women do."

Why do so many lawyers play rugby?

"It's one of the great unsolved mysteries." Betsy Kimball, lawyer and 18-year Beantown veteran.

Memorable Rugby Weather Conditions

"We played in about six inches of water on the field, driving rain, thirty-five degrees, and windy as hell." Patty Connell, Beantown scrum-half and U.S. Eagle

A tough scrum-down

"When the scrums came together, it sounded like bone on bone, instead of flesh on flesh." Patty Connell on the U.S. Eagles 1991 game versus New Zealand

(M.V.)

The Ruck Within

The novice sunny- (or rainy-) day rugby spectator is in for a real treat when she ventures to see her first rugby game. A world in and of itself, rugby has its own outfits, rules, protocols, and vocabulary. Here's a little run down of some of the rugby words with which you should acquaint yourself. You may meet a special rugby someone one day and need to understand the language.

Pitch: The field on which you play, which may be covered with grass, snow, or mud during the various seasons of the year.

Mouth guard: A rugby player's only piece of protective equipment.

Glamour Position: Fullbacks tend to be pretty glamorous. Like goalies, they are the last person on the pitch to stop an opponent from scoring. With positional requirements such as speed, moves, tackling, and kicking, they are often the best athletes on their teams. Of course, they still sweat and work really hard. Glamour, in rugby, is a matter of scale.

Forward: AKA scrummie. These tenacious sorts travel in a pack, supporting their backs and making plenty of plays of their own.

The Pack: The scrum.

Back: speed and moves required. Backs are like a forward-moving line that run and pass like mad and do plenty of scoring.

Prop: Sturdy types who enjoy the clashing of firm objects.

Hooker: Small is fine here. Good feet required. The hooker "hooks" the ball back into her scrum during scrum-downs.

Scrum-down: When two opposing interlocked groups of players come together like puzzle pieces moving with maximum power. Each scrum is a tight unit which tries to push the other scrum off the ball, which is rolled between them at the hookers' feet.

Scrum-half: Similar to a quarter-back, the scrum-half calls the plays. She is also the primary link between the scrum and the backs.6

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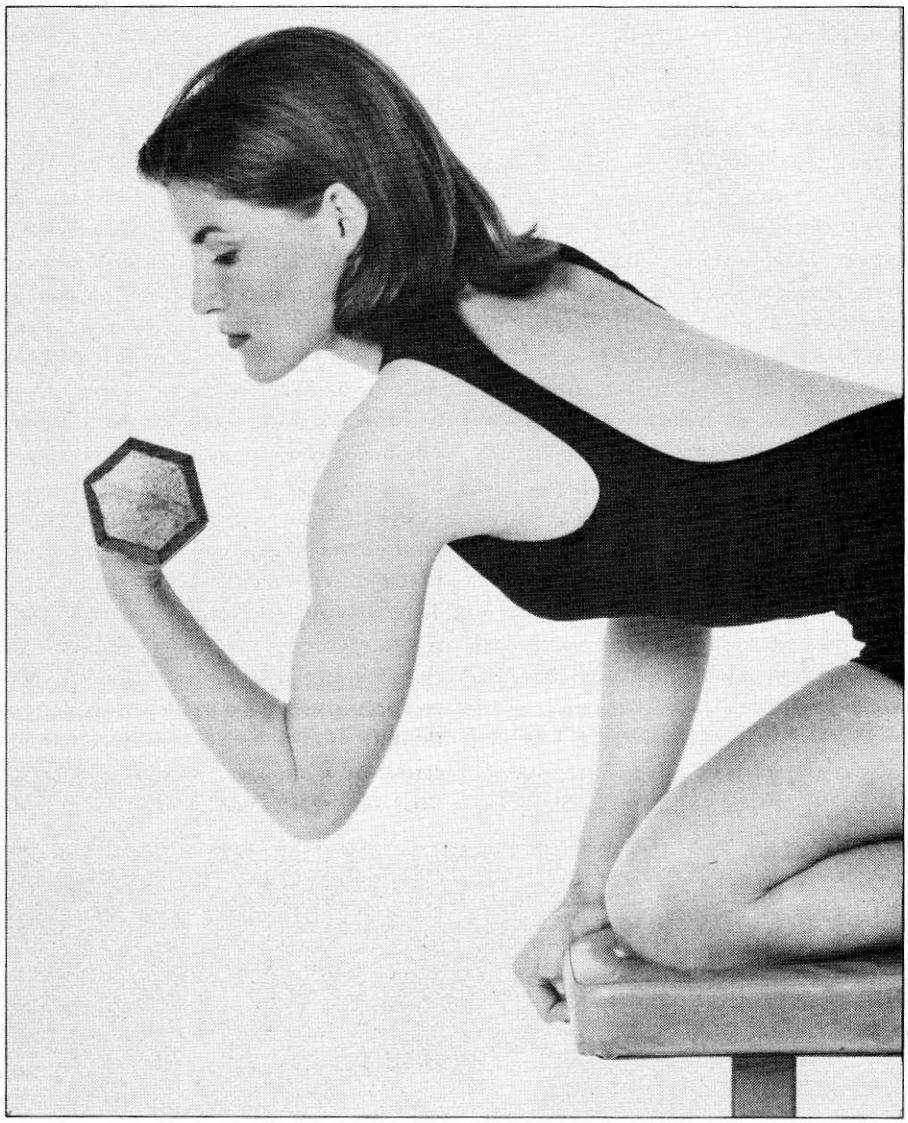

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ing scrums come together, the props are the first to "hit" or make contact. Tough on the hairdo, this is a position for the strong of neck.

As I opposed the ever-sturdy Christie Stevens, I knew I was in big trouble. She tried to be gentle with me, but I had played this game before, and thought that on some level, I could step right back into it. Famous last thoughts. About two scrum downs from the end of practice, I was beginning to get some position back, but my neck was already killing me and I was thinking of Advil and hot baths.

After some interval running led by the always cheerful Sully, practice was finally over. Actually it was over after a meeting on an upcoming rugby tournament which Beantown had organized for collegiate women's teams, and at which they'd be spending their Saturday managing everything from refereeing to the concession stand. The practice had taken over two hours. For the Beantown players, that means two two-plus-hour practices a week, a Saturday of games with travel time thrown in here and there, and their own personal training, which is an unspoken requirement at their level of play. From their dedication and expertise, you would think they'd be playing for salaries. From the looks on their faces, you can see that they play because they love the sport.

I half winced when I saw a recent Land's End catalog glorifying the U.S. Men's Eagles [Rugby] team. What's their record? A few wins and a bunch of losses? Mainstream corporate sponsors are accustomed to aggrandizing rugged competitors who exhibit unabashed physicality on the field, court, or ice—as long as they're a bunch of guys! I keep having visions of corporate sponsors embracing modern Amazonian athletes, beautiful or not, lesbian or straight, holding them up as icons to be admired, not feared, denigrated, or misunderstood. Sports should be empowering for women. It's time that American culture empowered women by admitting them to the world of sport without caveats.

Many of the Beantown players with whom I spoke talk about how rugby gets into your blood. I had to wonder when Mary Jo Kane told me that Beantown women have given birth to a total of fifteen girls over the past few years. That's enough for one side of a rugby team. Better look out in about 2005: Beantown, The Second Generation, may be coming your way. ■

Coming next issue: Girljock's exclusive report on the Women's World Rugby Championship! Stay Tuned.

Photo courtesy of the Beantown photo archives.

Wing-forward: AKA Flanker. An outer position in the scrum, requiring good tackling skills and speed.

Second-row: a women who is willing to sacrifice her ears (and her glamour) for the good of the game. 'Who's that woman running around with a bandage on her head?' It's the second-row, who tapes her ears to protect them from the rubbing of other peoples' bodies. No kidding.

Rugger: Affectionate term for rugby player.

Ruck: In rugby, you must release the ball when you are tackled. A ruck occurs when one player goes down with the ball and her sister scrummies create a supportive body bridge over her so that she can crawl away to safety.

Hands in the ruck!: Something you're not allowed to do. Opposing players step over you and "toe" the ball back to their team. Since they're wearing boots, you may end-up with cleat marks about which you can boast at the post-game party. It's a good idea to get out of the ruck if you can.

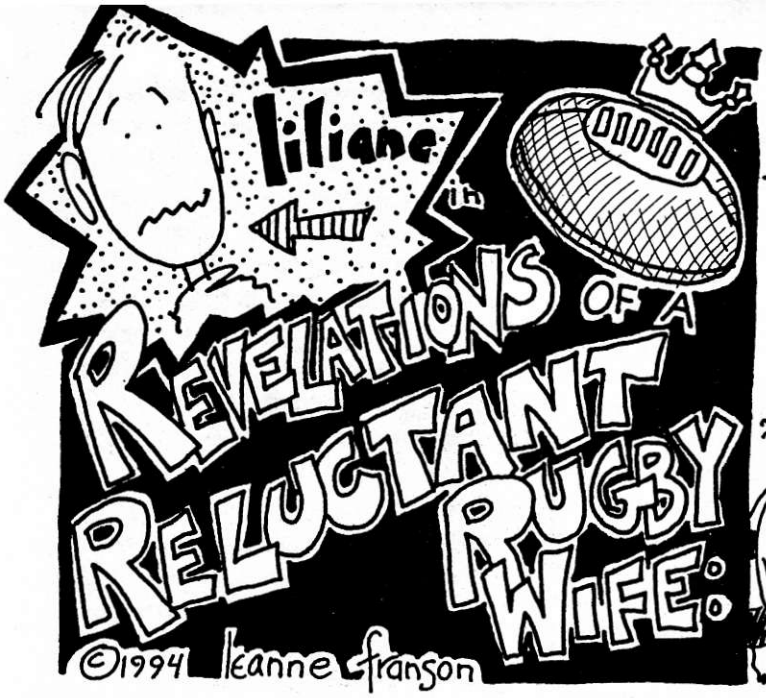
Boots (cleats): No, I don't know why they're called boots, but I think it started in England, where the game of rugby was born. Soon they'll be saying "colour" and "analyse" and things and you'll have to feign an English accent just to play.

Maul: Like it sounds. A player traveling with the ball often encounters an opponent, who will try to tackle her. When a player turns her back to her opponent and presents the ball back to her own scrum, it's called a maul. Opponents are also trying to get control of the ball. That's where "maul" comes in.

Shoot-the-Boot: When a lucky player is selected to drink out of another player's boot. A dubious award, sometimes bestowed on rookie players.

Drink-up: The post-game festivities, usually held at bars which favor robust and muddy women who drink beer and sing songs 'til the wee hours. It's a traditional bonding thing with your team and your opponents.

(M.V.)



At first i thought it was so cool to have a jock girlfriend:

... i first met Sophie on a rugby field, coming at me at full speed! God, that woman can tackle!!
Wow! Did it hurt! Tell me more!!
Tell me more!!

She was so big and strong, and i was awestruck that she didn't share my phobia of balls + team games.

But i was rudely awakened to the trials of a rugby wife on my first trip to her native England:

... liliane? I've got to play my first national rugby game in Wales on the day you arrive... do you mind?...
... Yay! I'll get to see her in ACTION !!
HAS ALWAYS AVOIDED ALL SPECTATOR TEAM SPORTS WITH A PASSION

Used to being lovingly coddled in non-rugby environments, i was in for a shock:

...isn't England beautiful!!
... I wonder if i can borrow shorts from Peg...
... look at the funny taxis!!
SHIT... we're late!! ...gonna miss our ride to Wales!
RUGBY
What quaint houses in Wales!
... liliane! we've got to find the PITCH !!!
MAP

After hours of non-stop rugby talk in the car we arrived in picturesque Wales late for pre-game practice:

For some reason i thought we'd have a few moments alone:

...uh, liliane... i'm gonna shower and change + then we're having a team meeting and then we walk to the pitch for the game...

...can i walk with you?...

...well, i've got to go with the team and my head'll be on my game: my concentration is important.

I browsed through this tiny town in Wales to waste time...

...and here i thought i'd only be giving her up DURING game-time... i hope it won't ALWAYS be like this!!...

(oh the wonder of innocence!)

And wandered eventually onto the game site with the local fans:

boy! No seats! Even my high school had seats!... And only a couple hundred people for an international game!! *

* i soon learned that this was a fantastic turnout for women's games.

I didn't know a soul, understand one play of the game, but i did get the drift of some of the crowd!!

...lookit THAT fat COW!!!

Hah! A sow, not a cow!

...lookit the size of the thighs on 'at one... the DARKIE! SHEE-IT!

local teenagers

Nice, Thin girls who'll Never play such an unfeminine sport.

AND my Babe scored a try! (even i knew that was good!!

TRY SCORED BY ENGLAND: NUMBER 6; S. JOHNSON

MS. NONCHALANT

YAY SOPHIE!!!

WELSH HOME CROWD

After 18 hours in the UK, things were starting to look up!

WE WON!!

WAY TA GO, SOPHIE!!

...Now we can go back to the B+B and be ALONE!!

* i would learn that most Rugby Club Houses are right near the pitch + whole teams disappear in the bath for hours before you get to hang with them.

HAH! I'd been learning about "pre" + "pendant": now i learned about "post":

...i'll get cleaned up and then we'll go for dinner with everyone!!

more + more tired + jet-lagged

A lovely plate of soggy beans, eggs and sausage: and speeches:

...As Mayor of this town i'd like to say that that was quite the game!! ... in MY day, women were found in the kitchen... and the bedroom!! ... and i think i preferred them there... but still, quite the game! I'd like to welcome the visiting team from EA...

OH MY GOD!!

So: i found out that women's rugby is touched by lookism, racism, sexism, and...

... Sorry liliane: one of my coaches said women's rugby won't be taken seriously 'til they get rid of all the lesbians. ... Sorry.

hey Babe... let's dance!!

BUTCHY WOMEN OBLIGED TO FEMME OUT!

Even alone we were dogged by "the Team Image".

...Shh, liliane! Don't make any NOISE!! And i want you to muss up the other bed in the morning... what'll people think of our team?!!!

★it appears that NOT ALL rugby gals are dykes!!

The next day we drove frantically back to Cambridge to catch the European men's finals:

AND THAT'S ANOTHER TRY FOR FRANCE!!!

...why do they throw it in like that?

...it's a foul! SSHHH!

more beer

BEER: POST-RUGBY MUST

YES!! It was Rugby Shock Immersion! When thrown in the deep-end with no swimming skills, reach for a life buoy:

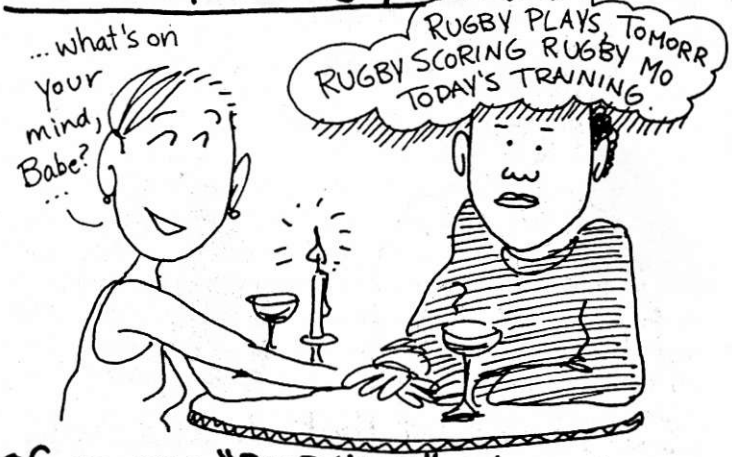
...what are you reading, liliane?

...a rugby rulebook... i've ALMOST figured it out...

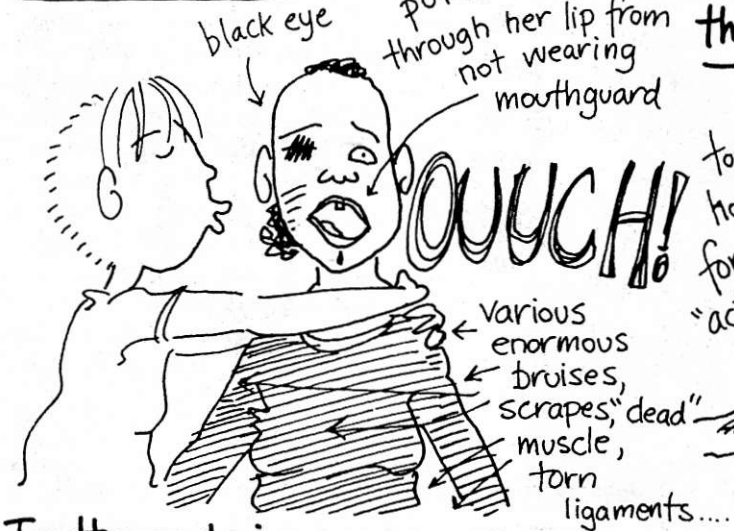
However, i've learned that Rugby is no match for even a well-read lover:

...you had a great game, Babe... what a catch in the second half!!
... Yeah, but we lost the game, and the ref was picking on me and he wasn't calling the other team on their fouls and..

Even avoidance doesn't always work: i tried going shopping instead of to practice, and planning a romantic post-rugby dinner:



And then there are the physical side effects:


black eye
put her tooth through her lip from not wearing mouthguard
OUUCH!
Various enormous bruises, scrapes, "dead" muscle, torn ligaments....

Of course "DEEP HEAT" rub and arnica gel can go a long way in the intimacy department:

topless, hoping for some "action"
Completely dead after a day of running in sleet, getting pounded into turf and freezing mud... and ten beers
ZZZZZ

In the end, i guess you just have to learn to live with it.

...So gals!! Doesn't it sound like fun!!! ... it wasn't what i expected at all ... but heck, it makes HER happy!! And you're treated to that lovely
"RUGBY TRANSFORM-ATION"!!

THE WONDERFUL RUGBY TRANSFORMATION:

GOOD LUCK!!

Baseball's New Open Season for Women

By Roxxie

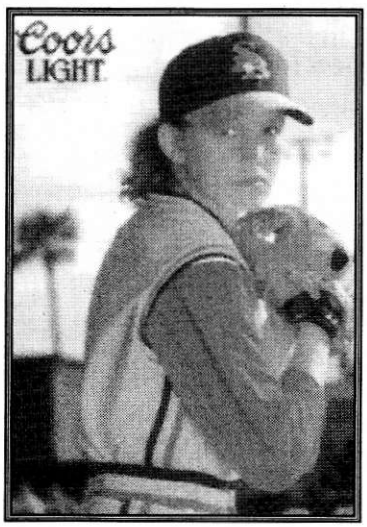
And on the morning of whatever day it was, God rewrote the Book of Baseball, which had greatly influenced many men. And Coors Brewing Company decided to sponsor a team of women, a team formed after tryouts were held in 12 different cities across the Land. Women no longer had to file court injunctions to get into the sport of baseball, and were instead left with the ongoing dilemma: How to get the masses to believe that they—women, with only one rib—could compete in a sport against men.

Perhaps a better title of this article would be "Baseball's Previously Unwanted Children Asked Back," because major-league baseball is now courting American women. On December 10, 1993, at a meeting of the National Association of Professional Baseball Leagues, the all-female Colorado Silver Bullets were approved to play Class A ball in the men's Independent Northern League this summer. Ex-major-league pitcher (and future Hall of Famer) Phil Niekro will manage the club, and the players' salary for the first season will be $20,000 (slightly higher than the norm for that level of the minor leagues), plus endorsements. Louisville Slugger will be producing bats for each Bullet, according to Silver Bullets president Bob Hope (not the Bob Hope), and Reebok is working on a silver shoe.

"I'm not a libber," said Greg Orr, a scout with the New York Yankees who was among those assisting with the Silver Bullets' Sacramento tryouts, "but I think it's long overdue. I think women should have equal rights. If they have the physical abilities to play, they should do so."

The implications of this gender-bending are enormous. Why, it could lead to the destruction of a deeply etched part of Americana: the common insult, "You throw like a girl." Once we see that women throw as well as men, will we replace this expression with "You throw like a person who doesn't know how to throw"? (Too long, is my vote. Possibly: "You throw like a soccer player." But since a soccer-based insult may cause further havoc in a sport damaged by hooligans, thugs, and fan violence, I propose: "You throw like an amoeba.")

And what about baseball cards? The



world of card prices may well go berserk. After all, goaltender Manon Rheaume's hockey card, following her first appearance in minor-league hockey, was worth as much as (or more than) a Gretzky. And, finally, will women abandon fast-pitch softball, with its college scholarships, its Olympic Games status and the possibility of a professional league?

In February, having placed a call to the Silver Bullet's 1-800-ASTARSB hotline, I attended the Sacramento tryouts in an attempt to answer these questions and to, well, try out. Some 50 women, in a predominantly Bay Area rainbow mix of races, sizes and ages, converged on Sacramento City College's diamond. The baseball drag was sublime: Converse cleats in white on black (or black on white) and some of those unbiodegradable polyester softball pants—the kind that go below the knee and the shorts kind—with the back pockets stuffed with Franklin batting gloves. Jackets, the athletic scalp-system symbols, were especially prominent. "College World Series 1992," said one, "GGC Champs 1980, 1982, 1993" said another. I tried not to stare too much for fear of gawking.

Most of the women attendees were softball veterans—recent college grads, coaches from local schools—trying to make the adjustment from softball to baseball. "I haven't hit a baseball in 10 years," said San Francisco State assistant softball coach Rachelle McCann. "I'm afraid the ball will get lost in my mitt," said Kendra Hanes, a 23-year-old former Oklahoma State player who's now an assistant softball coach at Chabot College.

Others were like me: athletes in our 30s who still play in adult recreation leagues. We were easily identifiable; we were the ones shaking our heads and saying, "Ten years ago..." Saundra Ardito was eager to try out because baseball wasn't available to her when she was younger. "Going back and doing this makes me feel like I'm an 18-year-old again," said the 32-year-old San Francisco accountant.

After some initial instructions, Shereen Samonds, the Silver Bullets' G.M. (and Rawlings' 1993 Female Executive of the Year in Baseball and, with the Orlando Cubs, the only female general manager in Double-A baseball last year), welcomed the group and turned the proceedings over to Tommy Jones, the tryout manager. He explained

the drill to us. "Our job is to project," he said, motioning to a small gang of maroon-clothed and -capped Sacramento City College coaches who were assisting him. "Do you have the athletic skills that could transfer into baseball in the future?"

Jones was originally hired to run each tryout. But after the one in Chicago, he decided to quit his job as manager of the minor-league Orlando Cubs, telling Bob Hope, "You've got to find a job for me. I could field half a Class A team just from what I saw in Chicago." His workout? "We'll all take a lap around the field and have a 40 yard dash. Then you can loosen up your arm, and we'll have a shortstop drill. We are looking for arm strength and accuracy. Then we'll be hitting balls off tees, just looking for mechanics. There will be no live pitching until tomorrow. Just give us a sense of some athleticism."

The drills began. Some of the woman had vacuum-cleaner mitts that sucked up every ball in the area; some delivered lightning throws; others almost whacked balls out of the stadium. As for me, I tried to heed Hanes' advice on fielding grounders: "Relax. Don't try and pressure yourself. It isn't a life-threatening thing."

But I experienced deep internal confusion when the poker-faced coach hit one to my left side. I placed myself in position in front of the ball, only to feel my body asking me what to use—the big glove or my foot? As I wondered, the ball flew by. I was upset, but then, I've played soccer for the last four years.

At the end of the three-hour tryout, Tommy Jones told the assembled group, "If this is your dream, don't give up. You can try out as many times as you want to." Then he read off the short list of those women invited back for the second, more grueling day of workouts. (In March, about 50 women accompanied Jones to Orlando, Florida, for the final tryouts.)

Even though I'm sure I zipped through the sprint faster than many of the lankier athletes, my name was not called. But, as many athletes have told me, excuses are unathletic. Unfortunately, I seem to have an imaginative knack for them—they're an art form for writers.

Forty-two years after the official banishment of women from baseball's minor leagues—and one week after Ila Borders pitched a complete-game victory for the Southern California College men's baseball team—it appears that the long-slammed-shut gates to baseball are beginning to open for women. "This is the first time baseball has ever been a reality," said Sue Jacquez, who played shortstop for UC Berkeley. "My brother is going to UCLA this year to play baseball, and he has a lot of opportunity ahead of him that I never would have thought of. I feel lucky to even get my education paid for—that was a big deal. But I think it's great that we're being given more opportunities as women."

"A reporter asked me if baseball was my dream," said Hanes, who was invited later to Florida for the Silver Bullets' spring training sessions. "Well, 'no,' I answered. Why would I dream about baseball when it's been closed [to women]? [Now] it's like a door for the little ones opening up." ■

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On Girls and Picking Them Up

Cruising Tips for Butches

Notes from New York City's own Clit Club

Compiled, made up, witnessed by Julie Tolentino and the Clit Club Crew: Michelle, Alistair, Robin, Pam, Diviana, Alice and Friends.

How do you sophisticatedly sexily intelligently unrefusably saunter up to ask an unknown woman to dance?

We've all sat in a dark and crowded bar, and eyed a lovely creature on the other side of the room, badly wanting her, and not known what to do next. Saying "Oh what a babe" to your buddies gets dull for all after the first fifteen minutes. Showing off your favorite rugby tackle may not impress her. But if the walls could talk at the Clit Club, they would sag, holler, and buckle, and guffaw over our age-old attempts to find, enchant, mesmerize, snag, fuck, or avoid each other. We Clit Clubbers have spawned the following suggestions to help ease our butch soulmate's anxieties as they seek to fulfill that eternal and biological urge to mate.

Smoke Advice

Lighting cigarettes still seems to have its charm.

Lots of girls bum cigarettes and lights when they want to show that they care. When we offer them their own pack of matches they say, "Oh no, I just want to keep coming back over and have you light it."

One crowded night at the Clit Club A. was squeezing through the crowd with an unlit cigarette in her hand and a girl who'd been cruising her all night grabbed the cigarette out of her hand, lit it with hers, led the woman on her way with a devious, alluring smirk. An impressive attempt.

"Hello, Beautiful" Advice

Whenever you have a chance, say things like, "Hello, beautiful."

Cruising Is an Individual Sport

We've watched cruising butches ask the bartender, doorperson, or club manager to cruise some babe for them, and send back the results. No, no, no. Cruising butches strike out by asking others to intercede. If you want to get a drink for a babe, bring it to her. If you want to ask her to dance, be sure and do it yourself. Many times we've seen that pretty girl fall for the first one to approach her. You could lose her to your messenger. First come, first serve.

Perseverance

When in doubt, persevere. One girl, courting the bartender, swore she would come to the bar every single Friday night until the bartender gave in and slept with her. She still comes every Friday.

Flirting and Eternal Flirts

Many of us meet a Flirt-o-matic and fall for her without knowing she is a compulsive irresponsible and indiscriminate flirt. How can you find out if she has one girlfriend or ten? How can you discover the skeletons in her closet? How seriously should you take her? Don't worry, have a little fun, leave your heart out of it, and don't give her your credit cards. Remember this self defense technique. Be sure to obviously flirt with that flirt-o-matic when her girlfriend is in the

room. She gets what she deserves.

P.S. The best person to ask about a person's marital status is the coat-check girl. She knows who came with whom.

Bathroom Lines

The bathroom line isn't the best place to make a deep impression. If she's really got to go, she probably isn't paying attention.

Pool Playing and Shyness

It's OK if all you do is play pool and strut around the table. Women know how to swoop in on a pool playing studly butch. So if you want to be passive for a while, it's fine.

Clean Your Fingernails

Wear clean socks and clean your fingernails. Butch hands are true sex objects.

Sex and Holidays

Holiday nights are the best nights out. Everyone is fleeing family and relations and seeking physical relief.

The bathroom line isn't the best place to make a deep impression. If she's really got to go, she probably isn't paying attention.

If You Are Rejected

If they don't want you, try another one. Don't take it personally.

Approach All the Ones You Can Imagine!

If you can't choose a particular woman, approach more than one.

Clit Club Cocktail Waitresses Definitive No-Nos

Don't pick up a pool cue, shake it into the smoky club air and say, "Hey baby, suck my dick."

Don't come into the bar with your new paddle hanging from your belt.

If you lose it, you'll spend the rest of your time with a flashlight crawling on the floor. On the other hand, maybe you want to switch.

Don't try to have an intimate, personally relevant chat with a gal in front of the disco/techno/industrial/hard/slam trance dance speaker.

Don't do the splits or the polka on the dance floor.

Don't assume all couples are monogamous.

Don't assume the woman she's with is her girlfriend.

Don't assume the woman is a woman.

If you can't get it up, buy a better harness.

Try not to act stupid.

Don't act surprised if she wants to go home with you.

Don't be afraid to try.

The Essence of It All

A favorite question, the sum of all questions ever asked at the Clit Club, the summation of all bar-going women-cruising butches of all time: A Clit Club newcomer, with wide eyes, a deep-chested sigh, and pumped-up composure, approached Alistair, our cashier, and asked, "Where do you get sex?"

That's the human condition, folks! Our question as well! ■

Note: This was originally printed in Dagger: On Butch Women, edited by Lily Burana, Roxxie the Sleepless, and Linnea Due, and published by Cleis Press.

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Running Interference

Or, How One Director Coordinated the National Women's Flag Football Tournament

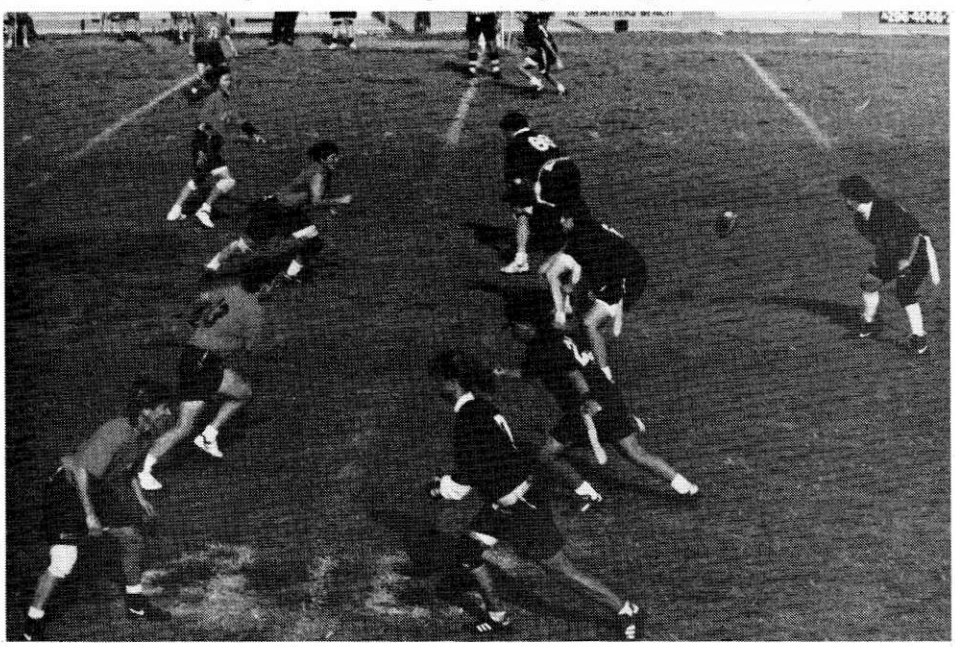
by Diane Beruldsen

Finally...it's all over. Not just the day after, but a month after or so, when all the bills have been paid, all correspondences have been sent, write-ups in various newspapers and magazines have been printed. And then...you get that first call from one of the teams: "When is the tournament for next year?" And when your tournament starts to have its own history, gets steady teams involved, and has blended into your life without much interference, you'll have wonderful stories to tell.

This third annual flag-football tournament (in Key West), hosted by the Key West Women's Flag-football League and Ferrari Publishing Company, brought in a final number of 13 teams of women flag-football players from San Francisco to New York.

If you ever find yourself coordinating a sports tournament, unlike this tourney director, don't find yourself the night before the tournament with unsatisfied team reps creating new formats for the games. Prepare yourself with different tournament formats for any given amount of teams. I tried to leave it up to the team reps to agree on what format every team involved would like, but at Thursday night's "Meet & Greet," it became apparent that not all the teams were pleased. It was chaos: excited women (not the nice kind of excitement you want in a woman) and a budget crisis because we were counting on 20 teams entering. Only 13 did. We'd promised $2,000 in prizes to top four teams, but didn't have enough cash.

Friday morning: 8:45 a.m., we're supposed to play Whitney Houston's "Star Spangled Banner" (the first year of the tournament a woman told me the song sent chills down her spine. We like to make women happy. But we forgot the tape (OK, I forgot it, and there's no way I'm gonna sing it and I know it would be very difficult to find someone out there amongst the football players who knows all the words). So, we have a moment of silence instead.



It's 9:00 a.m.: games begin on three different fields, and everyone is busy playing or getting ready to play...so far the tournament director feels relief (though my team, Key West, is losing about 20-0 in the first half).

So, back to the games...now it's 10:15. The first set of games is finished and I had to listen to the first round of how lousy the refs are.

For a temporary distraction, we'd set up an unforgettable information table where everything could be found: newsletters, t-shirts, sign-up sheets for creating a National Women's Flag-football League, teams interested in participating in the Unity '94 games, an all-star team to play Japan in 95, and a wheel-game you can play for $1.00 which spins around in a circle. Carol who womanned the "wheel" and took off her bikini top when the table was filled (and she had that table filled often!).

Back to the tournament. After the first couple of games, people got in a groove. Teams are playing as scheduled, there's nothing you (as tourney director) can do anymore but follow the plan.

Our plan, beyond football, included the sunset sail, the trolley ride which toured women through the streets of Key West (and during which the infamous Nancy of St. Louis taught the women aboard to scream "show your tits" to any living thing that walked or crawled at all the polite and expensive restaurants along Duval Street), the Friday night social which starred DeLauren and her Sex Drive Bank, the

Saturday night social which supplied hundreds of women with 14 kegs of beer (thank GODDESS! You don't ever want to run out of beer for these jocks!), and finally, Awards Night.

We made a mistake to charge money for the Awards Night. You may think that you're giving the women a deal by getting them food, cheap drinks, and strippers for the low, low price of $5.00. But the fact is, most people do not want to put out money to see awards presented! It is better to present sports awards at the fields.

We gave awards for "The play you wouldn't want your mother to see"—which went to our half-time show presented by the St. Louis Moped Mamas! These women rode their mopeds onto the field down the side line.. up the middle of the field, lined up each at every 10 yard line... swig-swaged in such a uniform manner that I don't know how they could not have rehearsed this scene... assembled back to the middle of the field in a straight line—and facing the audience spectators... shouted "happy, happy, joy, joy"... then lifted their shirts for all to see! Funniest play went to a player from Chicago Northsider who pulled her own flags while running with the ball (her team was not too pleased); Best Play went to the girl jock from Chicago Northsider who intercepted new York's ball with less than one minute left in the game. Chicago Northsider was able to score the tying touchdown and with seconds left scored the winning extra point to defeat NY.

The St. Louis Attitudes won the 1994 KWWFFL/Ferrari National Kickoff for the second straight year in a row. Second place went to San Francisco's "The Cafe," and in third place came the Maryland CTA Raiders. Fourth, place went to the Chicago Northsiders. The other teams who participated were: Florida Metro Dade, Maryland Sharks, Chicago Over & Out, Virginia O'Tooles, Brooklyn Untouchables, New York RBJ Giants, Cincinnati Rats, Miami Brew Crew, and Key West Club International. And now that I've submitted this last story for the 94 tournament... it is time to start planning for National Women's Flag Football tournament, 1995. ■

Putting on your own tournament

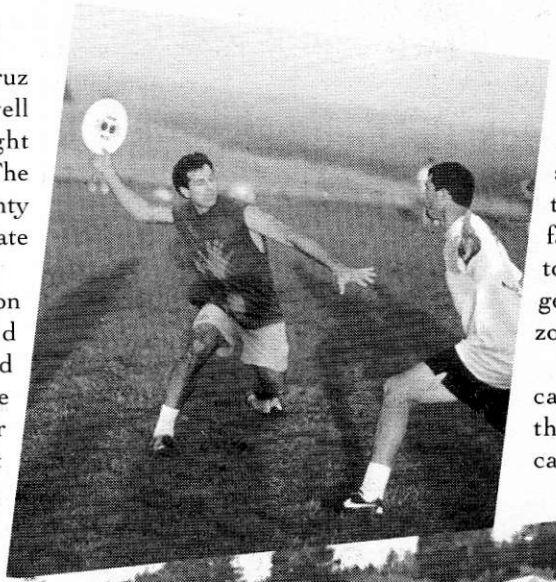
- Plan way in advance. Have everything ready to go 2 months prior to your tournament as if it were ready to take off then. This way when it actually is time for the tourney, everything is covered.
- Take registration money way in advance, and have a cut-off date. do not allow a team to enter past that deadline...they'll learn for next year. You can only keep your tournament organized if you know how many teams you're dealing with. Establish ONE contact person, and get their address and telephone numbers. Find out as much information as you can about each team: their shirt colors, how many on the team, what leagues they play in, etc.
- Create committees to handle each part of the tournament with a captain for each group. Committees can be responsible for such tasks as getting in touch with possible sponsors, getting qualified referees (very important), handling media exposure and publicity.
- Get all the extra items you'll need—coolers, t-shirts, music, first aid kit, etc. together well beforehand.
- Teams should not officially be entered unless they pay an entry fee.
- Prepare yourself with different tournament formats for any given amount of teams so that you don't find yourself the night before the games with team reps creating new formats for the tourney.
- Prepare plenty of copies of: rules (easy to understand, and have someone who can answer questions about them); newsletters; rosters (send these out early, and get players' names, shirt numbers, telephone numbers, waiver for responsibility for injuries, personal bios, emergency contact numbers or medical information).
- Get affordable hotel rates, airline discounts, or whatever you can get. By bringing teams to one hotel, you can bargain with the owner to lower the hotel rates for your athletes to a quite reasonable sum of money. Besides, players like to stay where the other players are staying.
- Learn from your mistakes. don't take criticism to heart, but use it to make changes for next year's events.
- Keep a permanent date for your tourney.
- There is no limit to what you can do with your own tournament, as long as you put the energy, time, ideas, and heart into it. No guts, no glory! And when it's all over, but still fresh in your mind, start planning next year's tourney.

Ultimate Thrills

Girljock reporter Alison Gallant
explores the world of ultimate frisbee

It's a warm sunny day in Santa Cruz and the university fields look well trimmed and dry. There's a slight breeze coming in from the bay. The temperature must be around eighty and the afternoon sun is low in the late October sky.

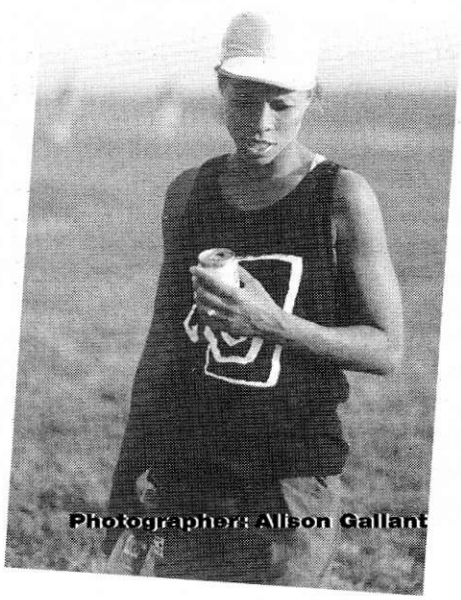
There are three soccer-sized fields on this little plateau. About a hundred Ultimate frisbee players, men and women, college age to their forties, are tossing discs (as frisbee players prefer to call them) and waiting for the next round of games to begin. The frisbees criss-cross the air lackadaisically.



This is western regionals for Ultimate Frisbee and the winners here will go to Nationals. Some of the best teams in the country are here: women's teams the San Francisco Maniacs, Women on the Verge from Seattle, Safari from Santa Barbara; and men's teams San Francisco's Double Happiness. Since this is an international sport—Ultimate is played in Venezuela, Sweden, Japan, Australia—I guess you could say that some of the best players in the world are here.

I grew up a tomboy and I've played every sport I could find—rough downhill skiing, rock climbing, skydiving, triathlons, mountain bike descents down Whistler—and nothing, absolutely nothing, is as gnarly and physically demanding as Ultimate. Nor is there a sport as beautiful, fluid and graceful.

Ultimate is played on a field that is 125 yards by 40 yards. Two teams play seven players each on the field at a time. The object is to score a point by moving the disc down the field into your end-zone, like in football. You cannot run with the disc. You must move the disc downfield by throwing it to an open teammate. And the only way to get open is to sprint, not run.



Photographer: Alison Gallant

If you're fast enough to sprint, shake your "marker" (defender), get open and catch the disc, you have ten seconds to pass the disc off to another teammate, while somebody is in your face, marking you (covering you, trying to block your throw). If you're able to get the disc to a teammate in your end-zone, you've scored a point.

If you were just scored against, you can at least console yourself with the thought that between points you can catch your breath, and if you're really winded, now's your chance to sub out (if you're lucky enough to have subs!). You play two halves, games are usually to fifteen. If there's a tie, there's a time cap that's put on the game at an hour and a half, and then it's the first team to win by two.

Now let's talk about grace. I always thought that part of what made frisbee so beautiful was the frisbee itself. When a well-thrown frisbee rides the air, it really flies. Sometimes it floats. Sometimes it glides. But any way you slice it, it travels in style. Not like a ball which, let's face it, really just lobs around and comparatively seems so much clumsier and clunkier. And there are some people on the field who can really work it—backhands, forehands, "hammers" (overheads), hucks, inside outs. You never realized, until you've seen an ultimate game, how many different ways there are to throw a frisbee.

Sometimes the catch is even more incredible than the throwing. There's one expression that every frisbee player knows and speaks with reverence—the "layout". Sometimes you need to make a diving catch because there is just no other way you're going to get there in time (a disc that is dropped or hits the

ground first is a turnover). Now you've seen wide receivers do it in a football game. But in football they're wearing all that padding. But here you are on the frisbee field, in shorts and t-shirt, running full-speed and about to stretch completely horizontal. Now the body's natural instinct is to protect itself, but great athletes transcend their bodies. Your body says, let it go, don't try to fly. But your mind, completely in the throes of passion, says: Get it! You're airborne, you grab the disc, and brace yourself cause you're going to hit the ground hard, chest first. This is one of the disadvantages of being a woman and playing the sport. As soon as the pain subsides you can hear everybody cheering you, your own team and the opposing team, and all you can think is, gee, I hope somebody got that on film. But you got to get over yourself pretty quickly cause the person marking you has probably counted up to four and you've got to get rid of the disc.

An average game lasts about an hour to an hour and a half unless there's a gross imbalance in talent.

Now that I've gotten my ya-yas off about the physical part of the sport, let me tell you what makes Ultimate frisbee the most incredible team sport experience you'll ever have. It's what frisbee players call "spirit of the game." If ever there was a sport that was anti-patriarchal, it's got to be Ultimate. And maybe that's why so many women play. Men and women are segregated into their own leagues during the season (there are exceptions, however – for instance, the men's team from Calgary has a woman who plays with them), but in the off-season play is coed. Because Ultimate relies so much on speed and finesse and stamina and less on brawn, women not only hang well with the boys, they sometimes outplay them. And women don't have to put up with patronizing handicaps, like four strikes instead of three. The sport is egalitarian and non-gender favored, and queer-friendly.

I spoke to Annie Kreml of the San Francisco Maniacs about Ultimate and queers.

AG: When did you start playing the sport?

AK: In 1982. I was in college at UC San Diego. I thought now here was a totally cool, alternative sport.

AG: Go on.

AK: Well the San Diego women's team, Safari, at the time I started hearing about the sport was a bunch of crunchy, hairy-legged earth women who worked at the co-op. They were totally cool.

AG: And accepting?

AK: Oh yeah. But then things changed a little a few years later when all these young people joined up.

AG: What do you mean?

AK: Well, they were just a lot younger and I think I scared them.

AG: Because you were queer?

AK: No, because I was an intimidating presence on the field. And I used to play in my jogbra. You know I was the one to start that? I was the one who was doing it way before it was fashionable.

You never realized, until you've seen an ultimate game, how many different ways there are to throw a frisbee.

AG: And now every women frisbee player plays in her bra. Huh. You probably scared them with those rippling stomach muscles. So did the youngsters come around?

AK: I deprogrammed them. Like there was this one player from La Jolla, a La Jolla brat, kind of like a Marin brat, who would show up at the field with her pastel-peach water bottle who I teased incessantly until she came around.

AG: Well that was college. What has it been like in the club circuit up here in the Bay Area?

AK: Well I thought I was breaking ground being out and playing frisbee up here but then I found all those women who were out up north [Seattle?] and there are plenty out on the East coast. There have been maybe five or six queers on my team at one time or another over the years I played.

AG: And you and your girlfriend, who plays on the same team, have been totally open?

AK: Absolutely.

AG: And what about the guys?

AK: Well there's at least one guy that I know of in the Bay Area who is totally out and playing Ultimate with a men's team.

AG: Just one guy? Those are not great numbers.

AK: No, but then again is it possible at all for a gay men to come out in any institutionalized sport in this country? Is there one out queer in the NBA, the NFL, in baseball? I mean, frisbee is still such a new sport, forging new ground, and it's already come so much further. And it's so much less image-conscious...

"Spirit of the game," says Rose Duhan from Spike in Ann Arbor, "is really why I love this sport. Excessive competitiveness and testosterone are what ruin other sports, that whole winning-at-any-cost attitude. "Rose is twenty-five and has been playing Ultimate since it was introduced to her at Wesleyan. "You can't get away with being an asshole. It's more important to play with integrity, to play fairly. Unnecessary aggression doesn't fly. You'll get a lot of flack if you act macho."

"If you really think about it, having to be the best in a sport or in anything is such a stressful and absurd goal to maintain. I mean, you have no control over what your own natural limitations are. And you have control over other people's gifts. But what does make sense, and what Ultimate sort of fosters, is pushing yourself to your own limits. Maybe that's where the name came from."

Ultimate is not played with referees. The sport is self-officiating, counts on personal integrity. You make the call and when it's not your call, respect what the other player has called. But what

probably makes it truly subversive is the sports' stand against becoming commercialized. The UPA (Ultimate Players Association) has rejected many offers of corporate sponsorship to keep the sport pure, although recently the Association has accepted José Cuervo's sponsorship of a major tournament. There are a lot of players worried about the sport becoming mainstream and losing its marginal status. "So many sports get corrupted by middle-American values which emphasize winning—you know, winning-is-not-everything, it's-the-only-thing mentality. I mean it's great to be competitive but you have to keep everything in perspective. The whole point is to be out here and have fun and push your own limits," says Duhan.

Anybody who's ever been to a frisbee tournament knows what a countercultural scene it is: guys playing in skirts, players on the sidelines getting stoned, an occasional self-mocking group of men and women holding hands in a circle singing "Koombayaa."

3:07 p.m.: Walking toward the fields that look over the bay, I run into Kelly Longren, the tournament massage therapist. I stop her and ask her if this is some California new age thing to have massage therapists at tournaments.

KL: No, no, no. This is the kind of sport where you can easily rip up your muscles if you aren't prepared. I massage people pre-game and post-game to keep people warmed up.

AG: Well that's awfully nice of you.

KL: No it's not. The UPA pays me a flat fee to set up my table here and I charge five bucks for ten minutes.

AG: Oh, I see. And what is it people need you to work on?

KL: I deal mostly with hamstrings.

AG: Huh. Why are they called the hamstrings, by the way?

KL: Because it sounds better than porkrope?

AG: Oh. All right, just one more question. What is it that you love about this sport?

KL: You meet great people, it's competitive...it's not political like most games are, and you always have a good time.

AG: Thanks, see ya.

As I walk around the fence into the fields, I notice that the wind has picked up a little. Wind sucks for frisbee. You could throw a perfect pass and the wind can take the disc, flip it, toss it and send it back in your face. It makes the points longer, and makes the game hellish. There's a strategy for playing with wind. The defense will often throw a zone defense, just like in basketball. Because it's windy you know that the offense, the team with the disc, won't be throwing long passes. By throwing zone defense you make it more difficult for them to work it down the field in short, neat passes because you cut off all the openings (see diagrams).

I see down on the third field the San Francisco Maniacs playing some team that I don't recognize. I walk down there with my camera hoping to catch the Maniacs doing their thing. These are the hottest women athletes you'll ever meet. One of the players gave up her soccer scholarship to Berkeley just so she could play Ultimate.

When I first moved to San Francisco I played a little with the Maniacs. I went to a tournament with them in Arizona and I felt like George Plimpton in Paper Lion. I struggled with a major impostor complex. But when I actually started playing it wasn't that bad. These chicks were so smooth, so tight they brought up my level of play.

When I got to the field I threw off my lens cap and started taking pictures of some of the Maniacs who were just hanging out on the sidelines. They're photogenic on the field and off. One of the funniest women on the field, Martha of the Maniacs, walks up to me.

M: Hey, Buick, where the hell have you been?

I got the nickname Buick for doing something unprintable at a tournament once with somebody I picked up. We did it in the back of a Buick and got caught by the Buick's owner.

AG: Hey, big mouth, is that all you can remember about me? Who are you guys playing?

M: Ketchum.

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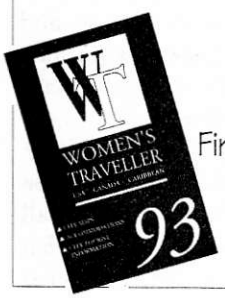

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Karen Everett, Brenda Hunt, and a frisbee. Photo by Phyllis Christopher.

AG: Where are they from? (I thought she meant Catch 'em, a nickname.)

M: Ketchum. It's a town in Idaho.

Idaho. How the hell did they pull together a women's Ultimate team in Ketchum, Idaho? Huh, this sport is getting too popular. I watch the Maniacs trample this team and then leave to go catch some other games.

4:15 p.m.: I walk back to the first field and found a few guys hanging out who looked eager to talk. They also looked a little older than the rest of the crowd.

AG: So what's your name?

Anon: Barn Dog.

AG: And your name?

Anon: Johnny Mo.

AG: Looks like you guys have been playing for a while.

BD: Yeah, I've been playing since 1977.

AG: You started in college?

BD: Oh yeah, and here I am playing Masters division.

BD: What age do you get thrown into Masters?

JM: Thirty for the men, I'm not sure about the women...

AG: Thirty? You're a master at thirty in this sport. In PGA golf I think the master division starts at 85 or something, right?

BD: Yeah. In Ultimate, you're an old man at 30...

JM: Yeah, the first sign is when you start taking Advil as matter of course, before you start playing, in the middle of the game, at the end of the day...

AG: You guys are really depressing. Thanks for the interview.

BD: You just can't keep up with these young guys. They just run so hard...

I walk away because it is all too true and I can't bear to hear it. Ultimate forced me into a midlife crisis at age 28 because 23-year-olds were running me into the ground. Here I was thinking I was hot shit because I could do five miles in thirty-five minutes. So what? You're eating dust of the heel of a twenty-three-year-old punk. You have the urge to trip them. Anything to stop them, to stop the searing pain in your chest...

5:35 p.m.: I'm watching San Francisco's Double Happiness play another men's team from Portland, Oregon. I stand on the sidelines with Rose Duhan who's out here visiting. Ultimate is a great spectator sport because the pace is very MTV. It moves fast, it's colorful, and everyone looks kinda hip-grunge. Rose and I stand close to each other so we can hear over the people screaming on the sidelines, screaming "up" calls. (It's really helpful to have teammates, etc. scream "up" when the disc is airborne because when you're on defense and chasing your person you're too focused on them to know the disc is on its way somewhere. Maybe it's about to hit you on the back of your head.)

AG: So why do you think this sport is so...alternative ?

AG: Because I guess, a lot of people who play it started playing in college, usually kind of liberal artsy, hippyish colleges...so the players are typically more liberal, open-minded..

AG: The sport definitely has a femi-

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nist sensibility, don't you think?

AG: Well, ya, maybe because it's player-run. There's no authority to defer to.. it's anti-authority, no referees, no coaches...

Sheila Ellis from Atlanta, Georgia has been playing the sport for two years. She's an avid feminist and was drawn to the sport partly for its feminist sensibility.

SE: It's the first time I've ever competed where the women were encouraged by the men and helped by the men; men were helping to promote the female end of the sport. The men work to try to get more women to play and get the women to play more aggressively.

The UPA has divided frisbee officially into three kinds of teams: Open, Women, and Masters. So what that means is that if you want to play with a guys' team you can try out—they can't keep you off. But if you want to play with only women, you can.

AG: Rose, what else made the sport attractive to you?

AG: There are more opportunities to get in because it's so new...if you don't get into soccer at age nine, forget it, you'll probably never the play the sport...but frisbee is easy to pick up, and the Ultimate community is very open to new players....

A roar comes up from the crowd. Double Happiness has just beaten Portland and all the players are shaking the hands of the opposing team. It's nearly six o'clock and the sun, fat like an overgrown orange, hangs over the horizon. It's magic hour and the colors on the field are even richer than they were in the afternoon sun. Cleats, sweatshirts and bandannas that have been tossed off lie scattered on the grass. Even they look tired.

Double Happiness and Portland are about to engage in a very endearing Ultimate tradition: the post-game cheer. After every game, both teams have to sing a cheer to the opposing team. The cheers run from the clever to the absurd. The women's teams usually put more effort into coming up with something witty and more personalized. The men's teams, either too lazy or too self-conscious to be silly, tend to recycle generic cheers. The women's team I played with in Upstate New York was the Bad News Bears when it came to frisbee, but, man, we had the cheers. Once, after we got crushed by a team from New York, we cheered them with a song from West Side Story. It went something like this:

a girl like that, she run too fast, and when you're not looking,
she'll kick your ass. one of your own kind, play with your own kind.

7:05 p.m.: The sun has just set and we are walking off the fields toward the parking lot. I'm going to catch a ride back to San Francisco with this guy named Taro. I jump in his jeep and close the door and try to remember what I felt like at this time of day, after a tournament. Your skin is salty from sweat and darkened from the sun and every muscle is pleasantly sore. And you're on such an ultimate high you wonder if your body could take this for another ten years, or maybe fifteen years, or maybe twenty.... Cause you never want to stop.

Glossary Of Terms

bid an attempt; you would say "nice bid"

getting ho getting horizontal, laying out to catch a disc

pull the kick-off that starts each point

stall when the count on the player with the disc gets up to ten; results in turnover

ho biff a diving block

point block when the person marking the thrower blocks the throw

handler position, usually assigned to a player with great disc skills

middle position, person making second or third cuts

stack the line formation used by team with disc so movement on field is less chaotic

clogging what happens when there is chaos on the field; no one is playing with any field sense

long position usually given to someone fast or tall who will make long cuts into the endzone

layout diving catch

SNAG sensitive new age guy (a lot of them play this sport)

pick as in basketball, when an offender shakes a defender by purposely running between other players

Some Of The Funnier Women's Teams Names

See Jane Run
Chicks with Disks
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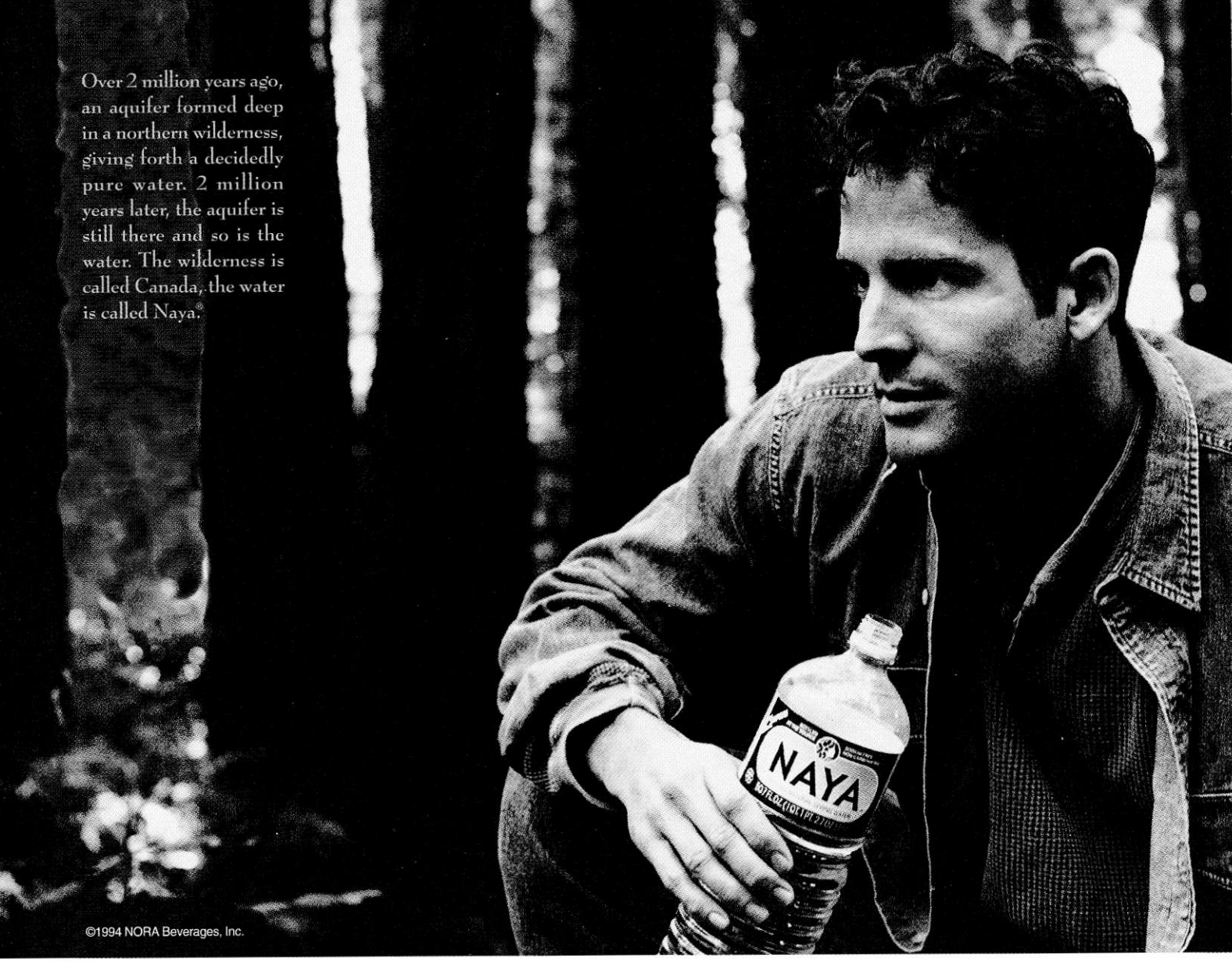
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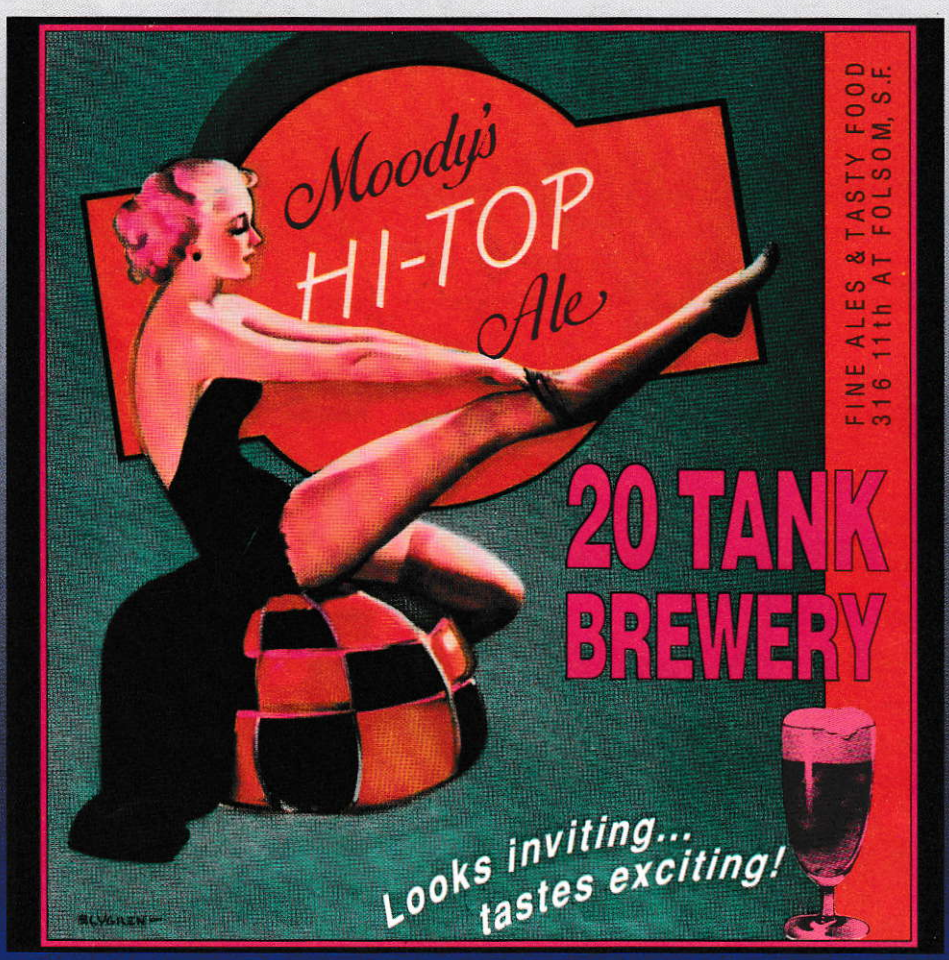
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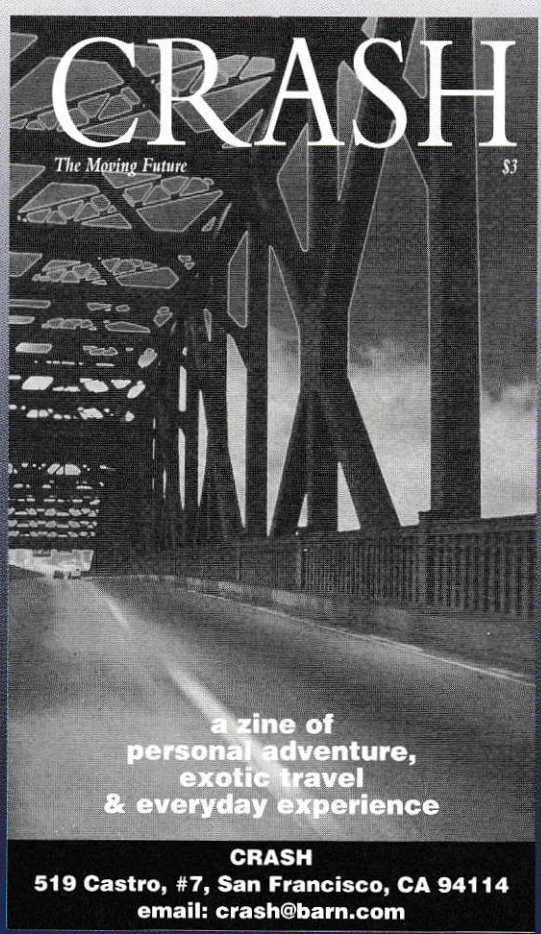
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